

TOC H JOURNAL

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WHAT'S ENGLAND LIKE?

A service at All Hallows on Sunday evening, January 21, was broadcast and many Toc H wireless listeners, far and near, were able to join in. How far—and yet how near—some of them were is indicated by this letter to TUBBY from that staunch member Captain TREWEEK, of the oil-tanker "Vicelolite": "If you only knew what a treat and what a comfort it was to me to hear your voice over 3,233 miles of water at 7 to-night, I'm sure you would feel happy. I had tuned in on my radio to London and was hoping to get St. Martin's like I did last Sunday, but instead—I got All Hallows! I started the service with the prayers before the first hymn "O worship the King," and then I followed the service to the end and 'helped' sing the hymns. You did not hear me, did you? I was not dressed for a Church service—just as I was, sitting at desk, wearing summer attire, polo shirt, etc., and, when in the privacy of my cabin, minus coat. You understand, because you have voyaged aboard tank vessels. Your voice was perfectly clear and the reception excellent, but, methinks, there must be many of your congregation suffering from colds: I heard some coughing. I heard the beautiful organ and the whole-hearted singing, and I enjoyed every minute of the service. The officer of the watch (4 to 8 p.m.), T. V. Ferns, is a keen Toc H man, and I phoned up to the bridge: 'Ferns, Toc H sermon, All Hallows, London, Tubby preaching.' Ferns replied that he could hear and was enjoying the singing of hymns, but could not hear you very well . . . "

Here is TUBBY's sermon that night:—

The people which stood on the other side of the Sea . . . seeking for Jesus.—St. John, vi. 22.

I'VE just got home to Tower Hill from Malta in a P. & O., the *Ranchi*. At Finisterre we left the sun behind. But Spring is creeping North. It won't be long. Look out for it. The birds asked us to say they are coming soon; they're practising already, by your leave.

The *Ranchi* made Plymouth Sound on Thursday morning. We landed mails and purse-proud passengers, who wouldn't wait to see the cliffs at Dover! At Plymouth, our sea-pilot came aboard; but didn't come on duty until the Wight. Then, as the dark came down—and it was dark—we ran past Beachy, Dungeness, Folkestone, Ramsgate, sighted the Goodwin lightship and stepped across the threshold of the Thames. Old Liquid History had her high tide at 4 a.m. But high or low, North Edinboro' Channel lets you through. So to the Lower Hope and to Gravesend; our river pilot there. Then home at last at Tilbury. Remember this is happening every day, and ships deserve a prayer just now and then.

For the time of the year we were the usual cargo of home-coming British. By far the finest and the best-behaved were one hundred and fifty Navy men, Chatham and "Pompey," on leave or a few time-expired from the China station. A man who likes fairmindedness and good humour could never tire of friends like these as shipmates.

At 'Gib' and at Tangier, we picked up some schoolboys. A few of these tended to fractiousness, until the wise old sea dealt duly with them, reduced their social pride and laid them low. After all, the sea is Britain's oldest schoolmaster, turning expensive schoolboys inside out.

I've been away a month from Tower Hill, trying to help Toc H in the three Services: a privilege far, far beyond a sermon. All I say now is this:—

You have no reason to regret the manner in which your men discharge their distant duties. None are more welcome than the King's own servants, not only by our race, but everywhere they go by neighbour-nations. They do not menace Peace: they guarantee it. They are an instrument of understanding. While we were at Malta, the *Glorious* put to sea, lined with young Maltese Scouts—three hundred of them. Her decks rehearsed the birth of a new racial concord. The peace of Europe rests, beneath God's hand, mainly upon Great Britain. She at least has no other aim than to preserve it. Pray for that Peace. Pray also for the men who are its guardians: for they are your people who stand on the other side of many seas.

What question do they ask of men fresh out from home? One is incessant and ubiquitous. They ponder the reply with deep and true concern. "Tell us, what's England like? How are things at Home? Are they a little better than they were?" So they all ask. You may indeed forget them, but they do not forget your troubles here.

It was the same in far-off days in Flanders. Turn out a drawer to-night, locked long ago. There is a bundle somewhere of old letters, a few it may be still in green envelopes, the rest with "O.A.S." instead of stamps. Smooth them. Re-read them. If your eyes are dim, let the young read those precious pencil scraps. They are from vanished hands. What do they say? Not much about their troubles, kindly note. But—as we knew in Talbot House in Poperinghe—the way most letters ran was in this style and strain:—

"Just write and tell me—what is England like? Are things improving? How is everyone? How's the old dog? How is the next door neighbour? How's the old parson? Are his sermons shorter? The Churches, are they fuller than they were? Are people sticking it, learning to pull together? Are they less selfish, snobbish, little-minded? I hope you're in the pink, as this leaves me."

Your loving B.E.F.

P.S.—Tell me, what's England like?"

During the years between, I have been travelling almost every corner of the world. I have seen the British widely overseas. It's always the same question to the newcomer, "Tell me what England's like. We want to know."

To-night I bring that question home to England. All Hallows has here stood on guard for Christ for thirteen centuries; these grey walls are not unused to clouds of unseen witnesses. Here upon Tower Hill is an old workshop of the Carpenter. Remember Jesus is a Carpenter. So He began. He hasn't changed His trade. He worked at it from boyhood up to thirty, making and mending cottage doors and windows, trestles, and tables, tools for poor farm-hands.

They were poor folk. They could not give proud orders. Often they'd say: "Mend this, young Carpenter. It's worn out, broken—make it strong somehow. It's an old friend. I can't afford new tools, you know that, Jesus." Then they would wait and watch the Carpenter at work, for skilful carpenters can listen while they're working. Young as He was, this Carpenter was wise. Soon there were extra matters He was mending. A broken home, a man's lost faith, a fractured friendship somewhere in the village. Some minds are wooden, and some wills are cross-grained; but he was used to faults in cheap material. He was and is a Craftsman down the ages.

To-night we throng His workshop on Tower Hill. There stands His Bench where He mends men and Cities, giving them courage, strength, a Cause to serve. An Altar is not just a Holy Table. It is His Bench, where He mends characters. In the old Upper Room of Talbot House there stands unto this day the very Bench, whence Christ of Flanders rebuilt souls of men.

So we are come. What shall we ask to-night? What is our fiercest need, our deepest prayer, our highest hope, our dreariest despair? What do we most want mended?—Character. "Tell Him, what's England like?" Dare you confess the truth? *Your* character is weakening Christian England. Is your home happy? Does that need Christ's mending? What of your neighbour? That's a solemn word; for in His eyes, neighbours are not your social set inviting and invited to and fro, but everyone you meet at any time. Can you help Christ to mend their miseries—three in a room, or worse, in Christian England! Had you been born there, what would you have been? Would you have been so placid in your pride? The people who stand Overseas look Homeward. Your home is also theirs. They look to you.

England is not officially a Holy Place of pious pilgrimage. No faith exalts it as the road to Heaven. But more than Mecca, more now than Jerusalem, England is loved; and England must be clean, worthy of those who look to her with longing, standing upon the other side of many sounding seas.

Jesus must walk within the midst of Home. Jesus, immortal Carpenter, repair the character, the worth, the energies of this old race, now needing, ready, eager to be mended. Restore Church life, renew home-life among us. Hasten the spring within, O Lord, the soul of England.

What Jesus imparts to those who seek Him, is not a clue to God, but God Himself. By bringing home to man the Father's care, He brings men home to God. So may it be. He flings Heaven open by His sacrifice, with welcome, welcome, welcome.

P. B. C.



THE LEAGUE OF NATIONS OR WAR?

"To seek Peace and to ensue it" is an injunction binding on all Christian men. Toc H accordingly is irrevocably pledged to the cause of peace. But Toc H cannot pledge its individual members to a particular method of promoting that end. In the confusion of the world's affairs to-day some men hold to the maxim "Si vis pacem, para bellum"—if you want peace, prepare for war—and believe that a strong England is the world's best policeman. Others take exactly the contrary view, and believe that the example of an England wholly disarmed would shame the world into a better mind. Others again see the only hope in the collective system of settling disputes round the council table for which the League of Nations stands, however imperfectly the intention is realized.

The Central Executive believes that a large number of members take this last view, and that it is therefore justified in bringing to their notice the appeal of the body authorised by Royal Charter to represent the cause of the League of Nations in this country, the League of Nations Union. The appeal is for the active help of Toc H members individually in mobilising considered support for the League. Not all members will feel able to give that help. But from all who believe in the League as a way of peace this "job" on its behalf should receive a ready response. The case for it is put to JOURNAL readers by Dr. MAXWELL GARNETT, Secretary of the League of Nations Union. All enquiries should be addressed to him at the L.N.U., 15, Grosvenor Crescent, S.W.1, or to its local Branches.

"**I**F the other nations can be convinced that Britain stands for Peace, for the support of the League, for real disarmament and for collective resistance to all aggression, peace will be maintained." So declared that great protagonist of the League of Nations, Viscount Cecil of Chelwood, in his New Year's message for 1934.

There is every indication that the present year will prove to be a fateful one in the history of civilisation. The spectre of war, although still far off, is already arousing in the hearts of millions apprehension and dread. The fate of the Disarmament Conference hangs in the balance. Many are wondering whether the sacrifice of that earlier generation, whose ten million dead and twenty million wounded paid the price of permanent peace, was after all made in vain.

We need not look very far to discover the main reasons for this mood of anxiety which has overtaken the world. It is clearly demonstrable that the spate of war talk, accompanied as it is by agitations in certain quarters for increased armaments, is a corollary to widespread loss of confidence in the only existing machinery for preventing a repetition of the holocaust of 1914.

Now, however, is surely not the time to advocate a counsel of despair. During the past two years, it is true, the League of Nations has been shaken by the heaviest succession of blows which it has ever sustained. Serious mistakes have been made by those who have been responsible for using its machinery. The failure to restrain Japanese aggression in the Far East has not only put an end, for the present at any rate, to Japan's active membership of the League, but has also diminished the faith of the nations in one another's readiness to apply the League's principle of "pooled security." In these circumstances, they have hesitated still more to agree to reduce their national armaments in the confident expectation that any victim of aggression would receive support from fellow members of the

League. Germany, impatient at the hesitations of the Disarmament Conference and irritated by her continued inferiority of status, has decided to leave the League as well as the Conference.

This disappointing course of events has undoubtedly set back the clock. But the worst possible moral that could be drawn from the prevailing situation is that the most tremendous peace effort in history, born in the travail of the World War, has come to nothing. If one lesson stands out more clearly than any other against the dark background of the past two years, it is the danger and folly of not using the machinery of the League of Nations as the framers of the Covenant intended. Scores of cases could be adduced to show that, whenever the League machinery has been used properly, it has been effective in stopping wars or settling international disputes. Even during the past year, the League intervened successfully in such matters as the Anglo-Persian Oil dispute, the disturbance between Germans and Poles at Danzig, and the South American war between Peru and Colombia. Far too often, when the League machinery has been said by its critics to have failed, the evidence proves that in reality it was the Governments who failed to use it.

The Will to Peace

Our greatest peace problem amounts to this, that the machinery is there but not always the will to use it. Fundamentally, the prevention of another world war is a matter of human will. We must educate and organise for peace. No League of Nations set up by mankind could function of its own volition. It must have driving power. The immediate responsibility for ensuring the success of the present League of Nations rests with the Governments—the British Government and more than fifty others. Their hands, however, are bound to be tied, unless they can look for the support of an adequate backing of public opinion. If our statesmen are eager to strengthen the League and utilise its machinery to the full—as the majority of them have publicly declared that they are—it is the duty of all peace-loving citizens to give them the encouragement which they deserve and which they have the right to demand. Those who, through ignorance or apathy or for any other reason, are still hostile to or lukewarm in their advocacy of the League need to be convinced through pressure of that same public opinion that a League policy will serve the best interests both of their own country and of the world.

It is for the purpose of educating and mobilising the full force of public opinion behind the League that the British League of Nations Union and League societies in nearly forty other countries have been formed. Through their International Federation, these several national societies share in one another's knowledge and experience and work along parallel lines. Each society works in its own country for the common cause.

Both individually and collectively, they now feel that an intense effort is demanded from them all. In their all-important task, they are receiving valuable assistance and collaboration from other organisations, founded for different purposes but with a common desire for the attainment of world peace. About the middle of February, for example, I attended a remarkable "International Congress in Defence of Peace" in Brussels. Although it was organised under the auspices of the International

Federation of League of Nations Societies, delegates came from a large number of national and international organisations. Among the spokesmen of millions of the men who fought in the Great War were Colonel Sir John Brown, C.B., C.B.E., D.S.O. (President of the British Legion) and Professor René Cassin, representing C.I.A.M.A.C., one of the two great international associations of ex-service men. Bodies with widely diverse aims and objects thus co-operated on this memorable occasion for the dual purpose of supporting the League in the difficult period through which it is passing and of insisting upon the largest measure of disarmament upon which it is still possible to secure agreement by the Governments.

It is certainly true, and happily so, that many countries look to Britain for guidance and follow Britain's lead. If it is known abroad that the British people are, in the words of the King's Speech, "determined to uphold the work of international co-operation by collective action through the League of Nations," peace will be maintained. If Great Britain as well as France and the smaller Powers can be relied upon to fulfil all their obligations under the Covenant, then the League—even without Japan and Germany—will be far stronger than any conceivable combination against them. It will be able to prevent war and organise peace.

A Plan Proposed

Our first objective must be a vast increase in the membership of the League of Nations Union. British loyalty to the League will continue to be doubted so long as only 400,000 Britons, out of a population of 40,000,000, are subscribing members of the Union.

A nation-wide house-to-house canvass is therefore being planned, with the object of enrolling new members. The actual canvassing, it is expected, will be done mainly by younger members of the community. Half the population of the world is under thirty years of age. Youth is not responsible for the policies and events which have led to the present crisis, but Youth can now force the way to a new order. We believe that there is a widespread desire among Youth for action, and this campaign is Youth's opportunity.

The League of Nations Union is proud of the lead already given by its own Youth Groups. At the National Conference of their delegates held recently at Birmingham, it was unanimously resolved to undertake this house-to-house canvass. We are confident that every existing Youth Group will pull its weight, and that a large majority of the Union's Branches which have not yet formed Youth Groups will do so in the near future. But many more willing helpers are needed if our aim of reaching every house in Britain is to be realised.

Because of my profound conviction that the Union's campaign is fully in harmony with Toc H's traditions of Service, I venture to hope that this call to action will meet with a ready response from Toc H members. I know that most of you are already undertaking useful "jobs of work" in your spare time, but it is usually the busy people who find time to do something more. Here is an opportunity to play a practical part in what the Patron of Toc H has called "the greatest Crusade of all—the Crusade for World Peace."

MAXWELL GARNETT.

"GIVE, AND IT SHALL BE GIVEN UNTO YOU"

A Foreword

No real member of Toc H will leave unread a single paragraph of Peter Monie's clear, convincing argument. Through eleven tremendous years he and the Treasurer and the Registrar have tended the financial Lamp of Maintenance with the deep faith that maketh not ashamed. Crises and heavy seas have never daunted them; for God has kept Toc H upon its course. Now Peter gives each of us a grave responsibility, not to be carried by proxy, nor to be laid on the shoulders of generous friends; but to be distributed upon the basis that the actual members of Toc H "vie with each other in sacrificial giving," and learn more of the value of Toc H to themselves by the effort of giving systematically to their own movement.

All members who regard my poor opinion as having any value whatsoever, will read, digest and take immediate action upon this message from Peter to each one of us.

TUBBY.

WE spent some time in January on the facts and figures of Area finance. Let us spend a little time now, with as few figures as possible—there will be more than enough in the Annual Report and Accounts next month—on the finance of Toc H as a whole. And let us, as we do it, be wondering whether the words printed above as a title to these Notes, have not really something to do with this business of Toc H finance, which sometimes seems so dull and rather sordid; whether they do not represent to us at once a challenge which very many of us have not really faced, an opportunity which we have not taken adequately. We should think of Our Lord not as giving an order; but as setting out a statement of the way things happen in the spiritual world, a statement which we can and are meant to try out and prove for ourselves. We cannot prove things out by playing with them. We cannot discover that in things which are "God's show" the way to "getting" is "giving" unless we give "with both hands." We cannot discover it if we are thinking of the minimum which can decently be given, or that we need not give at all because other people do it, and Headquarters seem to get through somehow.

Here are all the figures we need for the moment: (1) In 1931-32 the pay of many members of the staff was "cut" voluntarily. In 1932-3 the "cuts" were restored and expenditure increased by less than £800, very little more than the amount of the "cuts." Current Income, on the other hand, rose by about £3,800, apart from money given direct to various funds and £1,168 transferred to the Overseas Fund for the New Zealand Expedition. And so, instead of a deficit of about £1,600 in 1931-32, there was a surplus of about £1,400 in 1932-3 after providing for New Zealand. (2) Now look back two years. Income has risen by £6,000, but of this increase more than £5,000 came from "outside." Also, leaving out interest, about 50 per cent. of the total income came from outside in 1932-3 against about 40 per cent. in 1930-31. That is, we have in these two years become *more* dependent on "outside" money, and both the improvement last year in our financial situation and all that we have been and are doing for South Africa, Australia and New Zealand is made possible by "outside" money. Our own share in the financial support of Toc H has not been growing with its growth or its needs. Can we be happy about that? Apart from what we feel about it, increasing dependence on "outside" money is a danger.

Toc H is quite a big "concern" now, and its expenditure depends on the staff employed. The staff can hardly ever be increased rapidly—there are, in fact, times when vacancies cannot be filled because the right men are not obtainable. And the staff cannot be reduced suddenly—except at the cost of the most serious dislocation of the work of Toc H and grave unfairness to individuals, who are its whole-time servants, by choice and trust. Therefore, Toc H, as it grows, needs not merely a rising income, but an income which consists as largely as possible of items rising steadily, items which are solid and predictable. Subscriptions and contributions have these qualities. They may not, and do not, rise as rapidly as they could, and as they will, when the membership really wake up to the position; but they do rise, and reliable "budget" estimates can be made of them.

"Outside Sources"

Most of the "outside" items are of a very different kind. The main heads are Donations, Legacies, Builders' Subscriptions and Donations, Proceeds of Balls, Matinées and the like. Builders' money comes from "outside" (except that some members are also Builders), but this item is different from the others in the "outside" category. It has grown slowly and steadily since it first appeared in 1926-7, except that it dropped a little this last year. If members and controlling committees were of one mind about Builders, this item would become a much more important feature in our finances (it was a little more than 10 per cent. of our income last year), and as solid and predictable as subscriptions and contributions. We must come back to this later. The other three items are most uncertain, and in the nature of things must be. Taking the average of seven years as a standard, donations and legacies together, in one year fell to less than 55 per cent. of the average, and in another rose to 163 per cent. of the average. While such variable items remain an important item of our income as they are now, careful planning of expenditure must be difficult.

This uncertainty obviously attaches very specially to the proceeds of matinées and the like. Two years ago this "source" of income provided about twice the amount it did the year before. Last year (1932-3) the amount increased again immensely, and again this year. This has been due to the generous sympathy and solid hard work of women and men who have worked for Toc H and given to it because they believe in it. But it would be most unwise to rely, even if we wished to, and still less wise to rely to any great extent on a source of income which in the nature of things *must* be uncertain and unpredictable. Without the money so generously given in these ways in the last few years the steady building up of the staff at home and the overseas expeditions we have recently sent out would alike have been impossible. And if for any reason we were to say suddenly that, while abidingly grateful to all who had helped us to find money in these ways, we preferred in the future to forego this source of income, we should be compelled not only to abandon our belated efforts to help Toc H overseas, but to reduce very drastically our staff at home, dislocating our work, and treating many of our whole-time servants unfairly. The Central Executive cannot believe either that it would be right to do this, or that the members would for any reason desire it to be done. They know, more fully than most others can, how it was entirely due

to the sudden increase of income from these "outside" sources that Toc H survived the financial crisis of 1931 without being crippled, as many societies have been—and not only survived, but was enabled to give of its best to the family overseas. But splendid as this assistance has been, and grateful as we are and must be for it, the Central Executive see in it a challenge which they and the members alike must face. This challenge is to build up by our own efforts the steadily and predictable sources of income referred to so that we do not *depend*—as we do now—on sources which must by their nature be variable and unpredictable, to replace supports which we ought not to think of save as temporary by permanent pillars.

A "Five Years' Plan"

To do this will take time, and much effort will be required. But the Central Executive are confident that it can be done, and suggest as an outside limit of time to achieve it, five years from January 1 last. Success involves raising from the "steady" sources of income, and mainly from Branch and Group Contributions and Builders, an *additional £5,000* a year at least. That seems a great sum, but it is not much more than an average of 1d. per week per member at home, reckoning only members attached to units. The burden of this 1d. a week more cannot, of course, fall evenly. For there are members who cannot afford what they give at present. There are many more who give much less than they ought, and could easily give more. It is to these members that the Central Executive now appeal—not to those who already give more than their share. The appeal is not to give just what is required to make up the *minimum* suggested in 1926 (see January JOURNAL, p. 29). It is to set all such calculations aside and to vie with one another in sacrificial giving. Those who respond will give more than money; they will be strengthening the fibre of Toc H; and they will be giving themselves a chance to prove that Our Lord spoke truly when He said "Give, and it shall be given unto you." One of the main reasons why Toc H means much less to many of its members than it might is that they have not *given* it enough.

The Central Executive appeal not only to all units, but to the Area and Divisional Executives and to Districts to realise much more fully the value of the Toc H Builder, who ought never to be a mere subscriber, but a real supporter in other ways—by knowledge and interest and prayer. From the beginning of the Builders' Scheme it was found that there were many who, being unable to become members, welcomed the opportunity of being linked to Toc H, and of helping it. There are very many more such people, men and women, but very little is being done to give them an opportunity. That is a very different thing from "soliciting subscriptions." It is well for members to remember that Toc H has always depended largely on the gifts, large and small, of people, very many of them of the gentler sex, who believed in it and therefore gave joyfully to it, though the privilege of membership was not theirs. It may be possible, it ought to be, for many of the settled areas of Toc H to pay the whole cost of their areas. But it is never likely to be possible for the membership to pay the cost of the "forward moves." We still need, and shall need, the help of more and more Builders. The Central Executive ask that more, much more, be done, to help to find these Builders, or rather to help potential Builders to find themselves as such.

We are, then, faced with a "Five Years' Plan." At the end of that five years, or less, we must be able to say that while we gladly receive, and strenuously try to make good use of, any money that our friends, known and unknown, choose to give us, we ask no one for money save our own members, and those who choose to link themselves with us as Builders. Among those people will, we hope, be many of those who have helped us in response to appeals which, if we all do our part, we shall then no longer be making. We shall not, if we are wise, take pride in having renounced a way of raising money which does not appeal to all of us. We shall continue to be grateful for the immense help so generously given us, and most grateful because it challenged us to giving as we ought; and because in doing it we shall have learnt, in a way no one could teach us, that Our Lord spoke truly when He said: "Give, and it shall be given unto you."

P. W. M.

LENT READING

The School of Charity. By Evelyn Underhill. Longmans, 2/6.

The Royal Banners. By Bernard Clements, O.S.B. Longmans, 3/6.

Watchers by the Cross. By Peter Green. Longmans, 3/6.

At the Pancake Party on Shrove Tuesday, Tubby gave London members an aim for Lent. He told us to change our usual make-up of soft heads and hard hearts for one of hard heads and more tender hearts. In many ways recently has Toc H been challenged to do some hard thinking—hard thinking about its conventional terms, its jobs, its aims. This is an exercise which will take us below the surface and here are three books which will drive us right down to foundations. They will involve hard thinking about God for they are frankly books of meditations. Let Miss Evelyn Underhill commend all three by these words from the Preface to her *School of Charity*. "If it be thought that these meditations dwell too exclusively on the inner life and have no obvious practical bearing on the social and moral problems which beset us, let us remember that such a retreat to the spiritual is the best of all preparations for dealing rightly with the actual."

Miss Underhill is no academic or less-than-human mystic. The deep need of men and women to-day is "the need of being taught how to live." Thinking out the meaning of the main clauses of the Christian Creed, says Miss Underhill, is the way to meet that need. God is: God is "Charity; generous, out-flowing, self-giving love." Christ, "a Light we can bear to look at, and looking at must adore, comes to us from a Light we cannot bear to look at even whilst we worship it." God Incarnate, Crucified—our lesson in living can never be without tears—Glorified is too the all-penetrating Divine Spirit "who is called to stand alongside us." He it is also who calls us to the privilege and equally great responsibility of being fellow-workers with Him as members of His Body, the Church, and as men who "expect the life of the age that is drawing near." The claims of the Church and the meaning of Church-membership are dealt with in Chapter VIII with a great breadth of view but quite unflinchingly.

This is a book which can hardly leave its readers where they were. Heads and hearts will be effected. Many may be driven to a fresh study of Christ. Such will find excellent, straight-forward material for their purpose in *The Royal Banners* and *Watchers by the Cross*. Fr. Bernard Clements' book consists of addresses given on the events immediately connected with Palm Sunday, Good Friday and Easter Day. In this case—for it is not always so when addresses are published—the printed word lacks no fire. Canon Peter Green gives us a series of thoughts on the Seven Last Words from the Cross. Characteristically his book is full of practical illustrations and applications to everyday life.

F.

IN LUMINE TUO VIDIMUS LUMEN

Good Friday

O HEART, be lifted up; O heart, be gay,
Because the Light was lifted up to-day—
Was lifted on the Rood, but did not die,
To shine eternally for such as I.

O heart, rejoice with all your humble might
That God did kindle in the world this Light,
Which stretching on the Cross could not prevent
From shining with continuous intent.

Why weep, O heart, this day? Why grieve you so?
If all the glory of the Light had lost its glow
Would the sun shine or earth put on her best—
Her flower-entangled and embroidered vest?

Look up, O heart; and then, O heart, kneel down
In humble adoration: give no crown
Nor golden diadem to your fair Lord
But offer love and beauty by your word.

Let your faith burn, O heart: and let your eyes
Shine with such joy where deepest night still lies
In some too tired and over-burdened mind:
Let Christ be seen, wherever you are kind.

O heart, let your light shine so that all men
May see your works and glorify again
Your Father: and oh! let your light be gay,
So full of quiet laughter all the day.

The everlasting fire of Love, O heart,
Has blazed in you and it will not depart.
Wherefore, O heart, exult and praises sing:
Lift up your voice and make the echoes ring.

Raise up your hands, O heart: your fingers raise
In adoration; and in bursting praise
Sing all your songs of beauty with delight,
Your larks, exulting in the summer light.

O heart, rise up: O heart, be lifted high.
Rejoice; for Light was slain to-day yet did not die.

C.

HOSPITAL LIBRARIES

IT is good to know that already many members of Toc H are in the Hospital Library movement—either by collecting books or by distributing them in the wards. These members have probably read from time to time the notes and articles that have been written on how to run a hospital library, with its details concerning selection and indexing of books, distribution and equipment. It would seem, however, that the time is now ripe to go a step further beyond these preliminary essentials, and to look at this work as a National Movement, and at the great part that Toc H is playing in it as an important branch of a corporate effort to establish a national service by certain leading organisations. Only by doing this can the best results be obtained, and the empty gaps in the service be filled.

Co-operative Effort

It can surely be said that the three bodies which must clearly work together increasingly in this matter are the British Red Cross Society and Order of St. John Hospital Library, Toc H and the public and county libraries. The need for this close co-operation is more easily realised by turning to a few salient facts. To-day, 2,065 hospitals and kindred institutions are supplied with books and magazines by the Red Cross Hospital Library. Nearly every hospital in London, and a growing number throughout the country have libraries in the hospitals run by voluntary librarians.

In addition, there are a certain number of hospital libraries for which either Toc H or public or county libraries are entirely responsible for both the supply of books and the librarians. Moreover, of the 2,065 hospitals supplied by the Red Cross Hospital Library, some have ample books, since they receive extra gifts locally; while others would gratefully receive more. Again, some hospitals with crowded book shelves have no organised libraries or librarians; while others, with poorer stocks, have willing workers who have been unable to collect the necessary supplies. It is obvious that the Red Cross Hospital Library cannot give every hospital that is not receiving supplementary gifts the quota of books that it actually needs. Also, while it has a mass of information—some on paper, some gained by personal contact—of the organisation of libraries (or the lack of it) in the majority of hospitals, more news, received first-hand, would be of real value.

In view of these facts, the writer ventures to make a few suggestions. As a first step towards closer co-operation, Toc H men outside London who are interested in the hospital library movement should get into touch with the Red Cross Hospital Library asking for details—as shown by their records—of hospitals supplied with books, and/or librarians in their respective districts. From these details they will see the gaps that should be filled, and will be in the position either to beat up their book collectors, or to discover from the hospital authorities whether librarians would be accepted, and if so, to select and to train them. And here it may be added that in due course every large city or district must have one hospital library suitable for a training centre for librarians, with a competent head librarian in charge of it. Until such time, however, the training centres in London, and in some of the provincial towns, will give generous help, as also will the Red Cross Hospital Library.

Book Collections and Depots

The collection of books raises some important questions. First and foremost, where should they be sent? The reply to that is, almost undoubtedly, that wherever Toc H is entirely responsible for one or more hospital libraries, they will naturally wish to receive the books direct. Where, on the other hand, they are *supplementing* the book supply (although, perhaps, providing the librarians), it will not always follow that all the books they have collected locally should go to the local hospitals; because it might so happen that a large number of duplicates or of the wrong kind of books were sent to a hospital already well supplied with such books. In these instances it is better to pool resources, and to send the collections either to the Red Cross Hospital Library, or to a Toc H or public library centre that may be acting as a depot. Best of all, in a large centre, in which the hospital and other authorities concerned are keen on their hospital library service, is a Local Depot for Books, staffed by voluntary workers—selectors and packers and one organising head. Where such a depot is set up, decentralisation will gradually take place from the Red Cross Hospital Library—at any rate, for non-infectious local hospitals; and lists of collections received and of gifts sent out will be kept locally.

It is equally important, however, that local workers should realise that a depot cannot be started unless there is a reasonable hope of stocking it with a wide selection of books—for this is one of the main pillars of a successful service. Visualise such a depot—its stocks must necessarily be kept up by active combined work on the part of local Toc H, Red Cross and St. John's members; other persons interested in the collection of books; and, in some places, the public or county library authorities. Moreover, a leader will be, clearly, essential, and will doubtless be chosen from one of the groups concerned. This is an ideal towards which to work and should one day result in a far better service than can be obtained by sporadic local efforts. Here again, however, it is emphasised that these proposals apply to *non-infectious* general and cottage hospitals; infectious and mental hospitals are a problem by themselves. Indeed, each year in the life of this comparatively new and undoubtedly valuable movement proves the need for more study, for exchange of opinions and experiences, and for a central link to give librarians facilities to study and compare their work both by meeting and correspondence.

The Guild for Hospital Librarians

There is great hope that this need for a central link will be found in the Guild for Hospital Librarians which it has recently been decided to form. The Guild is the practical expression of resolutions passed at meetings of hospital librarians in this country, and also by many delegates—hospital authorities and members of staffs—at the International Hospital Congress last summer. Indeed, it should eventually include representatives of all those bodies that are connected with the hospital library movement. Membership will be open to hospital librarians in all countries, and the subscription will be within the means of everyone, and will be calculated to cover only such expenses as postage and stationery. As a first step a temporary Business Committee has been formed, of which the writer will be secretary. This Committee will draft a constitution which will be submitted to all *head* hospital librarians within the London area; and a meeting will be called to

discuss the draft. The draft will also reach the headquarters of Toc H, and maybe these brief statements will stimulate a desire for further news, and the wish to join. On first thoughts the necessity for a Guild may not be apparent; but facing facts, it must be realised that—at any rate, in this country—the development of hospital libraries as a united, corporate, national service has not yet come about. Except in certain towns, and above all in London, the work proceeds somewhat haphazardly according to the individuals or organisations in the locality that happen to be interested. Moreover, its workers have inadequate status, for an important and comparatively new movement wants not only co-ordination of effort, but recognition of something more than kind deeds in its personnel. It has to make its way; to create confidence; to sell its goods and stimulate demand, and therefore it must be able to offer efficient as well as willing service, and to show that it has the support of appropriate authorities. In all these ways the Guild should be able to help. It will arrange for meetings of librarians to exchange views, and discuss methods. To a great extent to-day each hospital library is run irrespective of experience or comparative study; and while elasticity is most valuable, basic principles are also useful. Moreover, until recently, persons worthy of the name of hospital librarians did not exist, except as 'kindly distributors of books in hospital wards.' To-day, the matter is considered of importance in a large number of countries, and hospital librarians have reached a stage when they require the status of being recognised as students and workers of a specialised subject. The Guild will help them to achieve that. Finally, the Guild should draw together, in a kind of freemasonry, men and women belonging to various groups and organisations who are determined to support actively this progressive branch in hospital organisation.

Obviously, the Guild is hardly yet alive, but these early days are the helpful time for suggestions to be received. Send them to British Red Cross Hospital Library, 48, Queen's Gardens, Lancaster Gate, London, W.2. M. E. ROBERTS.

NOTE: In aid of the B.R.C. Hospital Library a lantern lecture on "The Romance of Flight" will be given by Mr. J. E. Hodgson at the London School of Economics, Houghton Street, Aldwych, W.C.2. Tickets (1s., 1s. 6d., 2s. 6d.), from Mrs. M. E. Roberts, 48, Queen's Gardens, Lancaster Gate, W.2.

A CHILDREN'S JUBILEE

WHEN the lamp of Hope was first lit in this country fifty years ago on behalf of neglected children, there existed considerable doubt as to whether it would not be speedily extinguished. The reason was not far to seek. A new idea was being born, and new ideas, like new ideals, are by no means always welcome, but the pioneers, imbued with determination and inspired by the knowledge of the terrible handicap under which so many children lived, and happily blessed with vision, were neither disturbed by criticism nor turned from their path by the attitude of a vast section of the people. They knew their cause to be just, and they set out to secure confidence, the outcome of which was the birth of the National Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children, at the Mansion House, London, in 1884. Strange how this Society came into existence. A child suffered in America; a good

woman came to her help, found no one able to protect, and out of this incident came the New York Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children. One day an Englishman visited America and saw the sign of this new organisation. He got particulars, returned to his own land and so came the N.S.P.C.C., which the Prince of Wales has described as "the biggest voluntary organisation of its kind in the world."

Looking back over the years we come face to face with a marvellous evolution in public opinion. Out of doubt has come confidence, and through confidence the flame no longer flickers but sheds its beneficent light throughout England, Wales and Ireland. As a nation we perhaps enjoy the right to declare that through our voluntary gifts we do more than any other people in the world. It is entirely owing to the generous services of the people that the N.S.P.C.C. in its Jubilee year can come again with special force and ask for their increased confidence and co-operation.

Statistics to the ordinary reader represent very dry material, but there is one figure in the work of this Society which must come as a shock to those who love their country, that the fifty years have resulted in the Society's protection of over 4,000,000 children from neglect, cruelty and other wrongs.

What is this N.S.P.C.C. (this 'Cruelty Society,' as some people call it)? It is a combination of every section of the community, rich and poor, uneducated and educated, who sink all other differences around which controversy normally rages, and willingly occupy the same platform to protect helpless children from needless wrongs. Thus, it will be seen that the Society is not only voluntary, but non-sectarian. There is no room for either when children are in need. To-day the Society has 263 Inspectors, men and women, stationed in every part of England, Wales and Ireland. They are specially trained to carry out difficult and delicate duties; to win the confidence, not only of the child, but of the parents; to bring home to mothers and fathers a sense of their responsibilities; to see that children who are naked shall be clothed, those that hunger shall be fed and that every child coming to their notice shall have the opportunity not only of an endurable existence, but of a real chance in life itself.

The activities of the Society touch every type of family. It is a slander upon the slums to say that all its cases come from these wretched areas. If the fifty years' work has established one thing beyond all doubt, it is that there is no section of the community free from offences against children. It is not, however, merely cases of gross neglect or of horrible brutality the Society is concerned with. Everything that affects a child adversely becomes a live appeal to the Society for help. The cripple, the mental defective, the child who needs surgical and medical care, the children who are not wanted—and there are many of them—all these come to the Society and it is the Society's privilege to bring to each case, not fussiness, not officiousness, but commonsense founded upon wide experience so that wrongs may be redressed.

What are the Society's methods? How does it cope with circumstances and with parents? It brings to every case a specialised consideration. It prosecutes sparingly—last year in 511 cases: "too many," say the humanitarians; "too few," the disciplinarians. The Society pursues its way, conscious of what it hopes to achieve

in every home into which one of its officers is called. A prosecution may be a salutary thing and a quick and partial remedy. Forty shillings—favoured of magistrates—is not always easily found. Who pays?—the children! One month's imprisonment. No job at the end of it. Who pays?—again the children! Our first charge is a child's welfare. These are days of fathers with empty pockets and almost emptier hours; days of mothers penned in one room with many children. Allowance must be made for the irritations of men and women who are irked daily by circumstances that would silence the philosopher and appal the saint.

The great guiding principle, however, is the attitude of the parents. A genuine expression of contrition—and the Society's inspectors can be trusted to discern the sham—provides a ground for building up home life on a firmer basis. The best work of Inspectors is done in the homes of the people and not in the police courts. They will not cease visiting a family until fully satisfied that their warnings and behests will be observed. The Society's officers paid a quarter of a million such visits in the year.

Now, after fifty years of active propaganda, we come to the day of the Society's Jubilee. Is it not worth celebrating? Is it not the duty of every citizen to help to keep alive a living force which has a moral value which cannot be gainsaid? The friends of the Society are determined that the fifty years shall not pass without proper recognition, and so efforts are being made throughout the country to establish a Fund, trifling when considered Nationally, of £50,000, that it may strengthen its service to children and establish in districts where it is so much needed, the Helping Hand of its great movement.

Toc H knows the Society's work. Up and down the country it has from time to time been splendid in its co-operation, and there are members of Toc H who to-day are serving the Society as honorary officials. They are proud to do this for the children, and the Society is glad to have them. What is needed in this Jubilee year, however, is increased help. Toc H can give it through its representative organisations throughout the Kingdom by arranging some function in support of the Jubilee Fund. There are many ways of doing this and wide experience will dictate the best form of effort for their own immediate district. "Toc Emmas" can also do their share, for the cause of children makes a special appeal to the women, whose services throughout the country have largely been responsible for the maintenance of the N.S.P.C.C. To both Toc H and its L.W.H. let it be known that in helping those that cannot help themselves, they will be serving their country well.

This cruelty, this neglect, the wretchedness, the filth, the sobbing of suffering children—children who are locked up, those who are burned, bruised and strapped, the babies who have marks of violence upon their tender skin, the many who suffer physical ills because of indifference, ignorance and callousness—these represent the cause of the appeal.

Surely it is a triumph to look back over the fifty years and remember that at any rate 4,000,000 of such sufferers have been lifted up out of the slough of despond and given their chance to become decent, happy and healthy citizens and that Toc H has had a share in it.

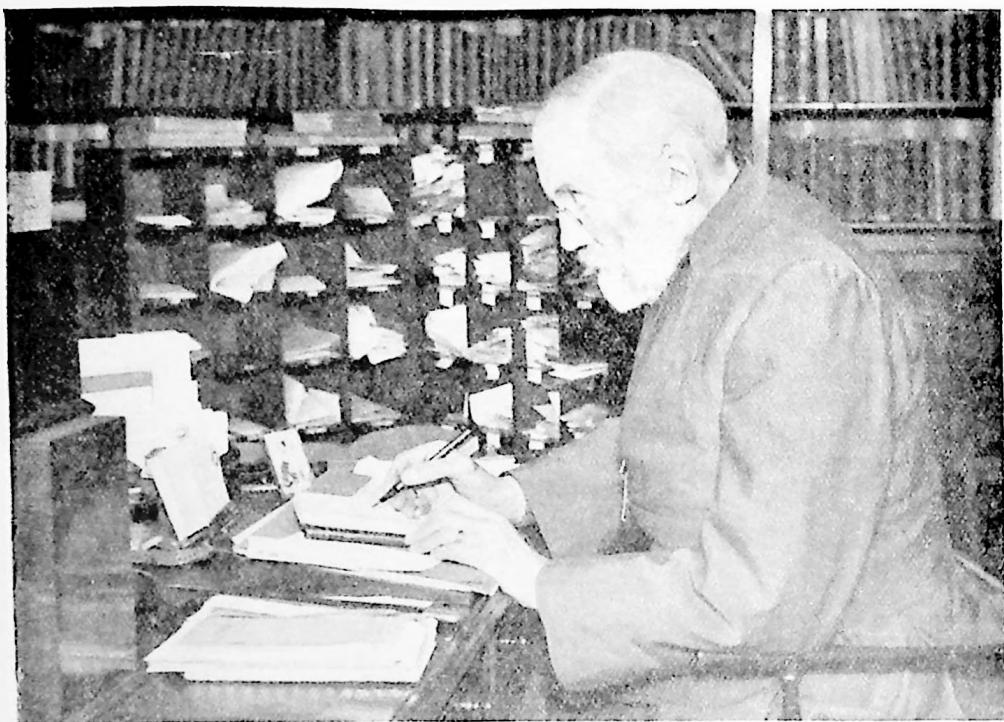


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ABOVE : Children "Before" and "After" the Society took charge of them.
BELOW : A Home from which children were received.



Edward Stuart Talbot
B.S.

EDWARD STUART TALBOT : FEBRUARY 19, 1844—JANUARY 30, 1934.

The portrait by Wide World Photos was taken at the end of 1931; the signature is reproduced from his charming letter accepting tickets for the Toc H Birthday Festival, December, 1933.

THE FATHER OF TOC H

EDWARD STUART TALBOT, father of Neville, who, with Tubby, founded Talbot House in 1915, of Gilbert, in whose memory the House was named, and of "Ted," head of Mirfield, who from early days has loved it, deserves surely the title—at once respectful and affectionate—of 'father of Toc H.' When he passed over on January 30—a few weeks before his 90th birthday—our movement lost not only one of its first Presidents but one of its truest and most long-standing friends.

Before turning to special reasons why Toc H will remember him with proud thanksgiving, it is proper to recall some salient facts of his career. For the nation misses to-day a noble figure, the last survivor of a great generation of Anglican churchmen, his friends—men like Henry Scott Holland, Randall Davidson and Charles Gore—who did notable service to true religion and public life. A 'day-boy' at Charterhouse, he was greatly influenced in boyhood by his elder brother and by Mr. Gladstone, a family friend. At Christ Church, Oxford, he was in close touch with the Tractarian Movement. Three events in 1870 made that year a turning-point in his life: he was ordained to the priesthood, he was—at the early age of 26—appointed first Warden of Keble College, and he married Miss Lavinia Lyttleton. The first opened to him a long life of faithful service and great distinction; the second enabled him, in the eighteen years of his Wardenship, to give a new College a sure place among others of much older traditions; the third was to be life-long, a partnership of love and work, the strength and beauty of which was felt by all who came to know the Talbot family circle. During his Keble time he took his share in the production of a book, written by various hands under Bishop Gore's leadership, which was received as a landmark in the religious thought of England: this was *Lux Mundi*. In the year it was published, 1888, he was appointed Vicar of Leeds. It was to be his only experience as a parish priest, but his work there will be gratefully remembered. It was at Leeds that Gilbert, his youngest son, was born in 1891.

Soon came the next step—episcopacy. In 1895 he was appointed Bishop of Rochester, which at that time included what is now the see of Southwark. Bishop Talbot's heart—like that of many another—was drawn to South London, and he chose to live in the midst of its teeming problems rather than in the comparative peace of Rochester. He set to work to prepare for the division of his unwieldy charge and creation of a separate Southwark diocese; he worked hard to raise the fine church of St. Saviour, at the South end of London Bridge, to the status of a Cathedral and became himself its Dean. He had to meet much opposition and misunderstanding and he triumphed by sheer hard work and unfailing fairness of mind. In 1905 he saw the reward of his labours: the necessary Act of Parliament was passed and he was himself appointed first Bishop of the new diocese. He is remembered with deep affection in South London, where his name is perpetuated by "Talbot House," a women's settlement, founded years before Talbot House in Poperinghe came to be.

In 1911 he was translated to the see of Winchester, one of the senior—as Southwark had been the most junior—of the bishoprics of England. This again was a charge too big for one man (it is now in the process of division). Bishop Talbot was not only a most faithful diocesan, but made his influence strongly felt in wider fields, in international and interdenominational work such as that of the World Alliance for promoting friendship through the Churches and the “follow-up” of the World Missionary Conference (held in Edinburgh in 1910). Then came the War, with its manifold challenge to thought and action, its new problems, its national and personal suffering. After a year, the death in action of Gilbert Talbot on July 30, 1915, brought to the Bishop a private grief which time could not heal. He worked steadily on and faced the thronging new problems of the early post-war years. In 1923, much hampered as he was by age and increasing lameness and deafness, he resigned the bishopric of Winchester.

He retired into more private life but not to inactivity. Soon he went out, with Mrs. Talbot, to visit Neville in South Africa and lent a hand in the difficult work of the Pretoria diocese. When a friend remonstrated on the ground that he might die abroad, the old Bishop simply and sensibly replied “Well, why not?” At the age of 86 he was to be found taking a ‘quiet day,’ involving four addresses, for the Bishops assembled for the Lambeth Conference. He once took a Continental Chaplaincy by way of a holiday; he preached in many churches; he was always ready to take a Confirmation at All Hallows. He travelled to York to stay with Dean Ford, who was married to one of his daughters, and, as late as last July, to Oxford to take part in the Keble College commemorations. The lameness which began half a century ago and greatly increased of late years made all movement difficult and risky: he could not kneel and had great trouble to sit or rise or put one foot in front of the other. The present writer well remembers the anxiety, mingled with their affection, with which the great congregation in Westminster Abbey last year for the consecration of the new Bishop of Bristol watched Bishop Talbot, in his heavy robes, descending the sanctuary steps in the rear of the procession; or the raw winter Sunday morning, a fortnight before the end, when he saw him, arm-in-arm with Mrs. Talbot, struggle up the aisle of St. Philip’s, Earls Court, near his modest London home, to stand at the altar rails for Communion. The quiet courage and faith of it reminded this writer again of a Sunday tea in the Talbot family circle two or three years ago. It was a bitter afternoon, with snow on the ground. Mrs. Talbot received us, saying simply “Come along, we won’t wait for the Bishop. He’s late. I expect he’s fallen down and broken his leg: it’s very slippery outside.” In a few minutes he came to the tea-table, having arrived home from taking a Confirmation at Chelsea. He was humorous about the problem of clambering out of an omnibus with a very game leg on to an icy surface, and he apologised for his cardigan jacket—“You see, I don’t wear an overcoat; I leave that to really young men.” There was the freshness of a young mind and heart about him to the last.

Youth—that was the first thing which endeared Toc H to him and him to Toc H. He took an eager interest in the new venture of Neville and Tubby in Poperinghe in 1915, and the photographs of Talbot House which Tubby (somehow dodging the embargo on cameras in an Army area) managed to send home in 1916 were a

great delight to him and Mrs. Talbot. As members know, the setting up of the Carpenter's Bench in the Upper Room at once called forth the gift from Bishop Talbot's private chapel of those red curtains, embroidered with lilies, which still surround it. This young movement of ours, as it grew by the continual accession of young men, was a memorial to his son after his own heart. He prefaced the little book of Gilbert's letters (which Mrs. Talbot arranged for personal friends and had privately printed in 1916) with some words which Toc H may surely take to itself in honour. Gilbert's father writes about the little collection of letters that "words written or spoken about it have led us to think that it might have its word to say to some for whom he was only a name. If this hope should be fulfilled, and if, in particular, his life, with its hopes and aspirations, should help to rouse and encourage any of the younger ones on whom will fall, after the War, the tasks and battles of peace, nothing could bring us more true comfort." In talking to Tubby, a few years since, he said he believed that Toc H was now explaining the mystery of deaths like that of Gilbert. "Gilbert," he said, "has really done more good by dying than he might have done by living." Thus closely was Toc H knit to Bishop Talbot's personal life, a growing child almost of his own, bearing his son's name and pledged to fulfil some of his remarkable promise.

The burden of years and unremitting duties prevented him from coming among us often enough to be widely known to the average member. Those who were present at the first Festival in the London Guildhall in 1922 are not likely to forget the Ceremony of "Light," then held for the first time, with the first Lamps just lit. As the lights of the hall came on again and before the spell of silence was broken, a voice from the platform, charged with emotion, sounded over the standing audience—*Requiem eternam dona eis, Domine, et lux perpetua luceat eis*: "Eternal rest give to them, O Lord, and may light perpetual shine upon them." It was the voice of Bishop Talbot, expressing our own, and his personal, remembrance of the Elder Brethren. At subsequent Birthday Festivals in the Albert Hall he was to be seen, with Mrs. Talbot, making his way to his place through the jostling crowds of youth. He was a little impatient at such times of an offered arm, for he seemed to feel himself as eager and as young as any. He loved young men and believed in them. He read the new books and kept himself abreast of modern thought in many fields. Seldom have any of us seen so young and tireless a heart in so old and tired a body. It was wholly characteristic that he spent the very evening before his short last illness at the Olympia Circus, enjoying it as fully as any child there.

He was an example to Toc H of more than the art of keeping young. His training at home and at Oxford, his touch with the traditions of the Oxford Movement and his work alongside other men of the same school left no doubts as to his position: he was, beyond question, reckoned as a "High Churchman." Holding strong convictions about the faith and the authority of the church, he was yet able to understand and to work with men of all sorts of views in these things. In Southwark it was even jokingly said that you had to be a heretic before Bishop Talbot would take an interest in you! Those who began by criticising him as narrow were disarmed by his fairmindedness. They discovered that it is not a conviction but the spirit in which it is held that makes for unity or discord, and that the firmness of his own faith, combined with a respect for other men's ideas which he could not

always share, made Bishop Talbot a truly reconciling force in international or inter-denominational work. And this, surely, is one of the chief and hardest tasks of Toc H itself—fairmindedness, the atmosphere in which men do not suppress their own convictions but express them fearlessly and fairly, expecting those who differ from them to do the same.

* * * *

The last scene of his earthly pilgrimage came quickly and quietly. "A few days back," writes Tubby, "there lay upon my table a letter from a member of our staff, a cheerful but reverent suggestion that all Toc H in London should observe, in some peculiar way to be invented, the ninetieth birthday, on February 19, of Bishop Edward Talbot. I sent the letter to Neville at Nottingham. From him I heard that this was not to be, in that his father was soon Passing Over. On Monday night I was permitted to go down to Lexham Gardens, where I found the family assembled. We came into the old man's room. While his eyes were shut, his mind was busy, though not with earthly things. I knelt at the bed's foot, until, with a sublime act of thoughtfulness, I was advanced from there to the one chair where it was possible to hold his hand, still decked with the ring which signified his apostolic station. This was the hand which had been laid on many, and on me also in my first beginnings. I touched it for a little time, then let it rest, and turned to thank the little upright figure whose chair had been surrendered to my privilege. I could not thank her, since her ears have long been sealed by total deafness, an appalling malady for one whom Arthur Balfour is said to have regarded as one of the wisest and wittiest conversationalists of his generation. She looked at me and gave a little sigh; 'We have been married sixty-four years,' she said . . ." It is hard indeed to think of that separation, and our sympathy goes out to Mrs. Talbot above all.

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The family of Toc H which Edward Talbot had loved to watch growing and had constantly upheld by his prayers and help, was given a special opportunity of paying a last homage of affectionate respect. On the night before the funeral at Winchester his body lay before the altar of St. Saviour's, the Cathedral which he had done so much to create for South London. There was little time to let members know of this, but from 5 o'clock one afternoon until 11 o'clock next morning, a guard of kneeling Toc H members—by ones, or twos or threes—kept vigil, hour by hour in turn, beside the body. The Bishop's cope lay spread upon the pall on his coffin, his mitre stood at the head, a cross of white and red flowers at the foot: the reflected gleam of gold from altar and reredos fell upon it. And in the silence of the great church, broken now and then by a passing train which shook the windows and recalled the busy life of South London all around, the few members who could be there thought their thoughts and lifted up their thanksgiving on behalf of the whole family of Toc H for this life so fully lived, so full of faith and strength and sheer goodness. Surely "all the trumpets sounded for him on the other side."

B. B.

TOC H TRAVELLERS' TALES

With Owen Watkins in Southern Africa. ---V

OUR journey from Rhodesia was through a country dry as the Sahara—not a blade of green anywhere, nothing but sun-scorched veldt, swirling dust and drifting sand, dotted by the carcasses of dead sheep and cattle. South Africa was still in the grip of the worst drought it has known in the memory of living man. *Zeerust*, which was our first port of call, with its trees, gardens and running water, was like an oasis in that wilderness of death, and even here there was growing anxiety lest their hitherto inexhaustible water supply should give out. We arrived just in time for the Birthday Festival of the Group and the meeting of the Transvaal Area Council. This Group, which is only two years old, is in many respects one of the most interesting I have met. Its membership is two-thirds Dutch, the Secretary is German and its members represent every section of the community. The effect it has had upon the spirit of this very Dutch town with its bitter memories of the Anglo-Boer War is nothing less than astounding. It was illustrated by the Dutch Reformed Minister and his elders on their own initiative offering their Church for a Toc H Service. This Service was conducted by the Reverend H. W. Zievogel and myself in Afrikaans and English. We chose hymns which were in both Dutch and English hymn-books and sang together each in his own language. The Minister reminded the congregation that in the Anglo-Boer War he had been a young burgher besieging Ladysmith and doing his best to shoot me, who was inside with the Imperial troops; ". . . and now we share this pulpit and are united in Christian love." It was the first time in the history of that Church—one of the oldest in the Transvaal—that an Englishman had occupied that pulpit and that it should be one who had spent his life as a Chaplain in the British Army added to the wonder of it. The whole town was profoundly stirred and at the close of the Service some of the Elders, who had been supposed to be irreconcilable, wrung my hand with deep emotion, saying, "We thank God that we have lived to see this day. It is the most wonderful service we have ever attended." The Group runs an excellent Boys' Club; indeed, all their jobs are good, but their greatest job has been and is the work of reconciliation, the healing of old wounds.

On the Reef

For the next few weeks my work was concentrated upon *Johannesburg* and the Reef. A most comprehensive programme was arranged for me. Besides visiting all the units, attending innumerable committees and executives and meeting the General Members, I addressed every conceivable kind of gathering that ingenuity could devise. The Mayor and Mayoress gave us an informal reception in the Mayoress's Reception Rooms; I was entertained at luncheon by the Rotary Club and also by a number of leading Methodist laymen. Principal Raikes, of Johannesburg University, who was at Balliol with Hubert Secretan and J. H. Hofmeyr, got together a number of the members of his staff, who gave me a good hearing and promised sympathy and help. I met at luncheon a selected number of the leaders amongst the Old Boys of British and South African Public Schools and later in the famous Board Room of the "Corner House," the room in which so much South African history has been made, talked at length to old boys representing some twenty different schools. The clergy of all denominations were particularly generous in the hearing they gave me. I addressed sectionally in their various Fraternals the Dutch Reformed, Anglican and Methodist clergy working in Johannesburg and on the Reef, and later was invited to talk to the Church Unity Association, which includes clergy and laymen of all religious denominations. The Presbyterians invited me to address their

Presbytery, but the invitation came too late to be fitted into an already overcrowded programme. I think every Padre on the Reef must have listened to me at least twice and some of them three and four times, which shows that they are gifted with quite exceptional powers of endurance. My meeting with the Dutch Reformed ministers was especially significant of the change which is taking place in South Africa. Twenty-two were present and for over two hours I talked and answered questions. Their interest was intense and we parted with their assurance of future sympathy and help.

The Toc H Lunch Club I attended whenever I was able and as an aid to the digestion of the members I answered as best I might every sort of question they cared to fire at me. In short, for weeks I indulged in a regular orgy of talk until I began to long for the quiet of a Trappist monastery and was ready to take a vow of perpetual silence.

Toc H in Johannesburg has rendered great services to the South African Family. It has provided some of the best leaders in the country, has carried and liquidated incredible financial burdens and has passed through a period of serious crisis with remarkable courage. Recently it has been setting its house in order with a strong hand and has not hesitated where necessary to use the pruning knife. Now it is established on a firm basis and is prepared to launch out, build bravely and live adventurously. During this period of reconstruction it has been fortunate to have at its head as Area Chairman a man with the gifts and devotion of L. H. Campling. His outstanding business ability and organising powers have been used unstintingly for Toc H and to them has been added a vision and understanding of the deepest implications of the movement that has resulted in leadership of the very highest quality. He has been ably and loyally supported by "Matron" Anderson, the Area Secretary, and a team of young men of unusual quality and dauntless enthusiasm. In most of the units the jobs are very good, especially what is being done for children and in connection with native and "coloured" welfare work. It is also an indication of how they are thinking ahead that they have anticipated our Patron's appeal at the Festival and have already thrown themselves wholeheartedly into a great campaign to rouse the public conscience and sweep away the dreadful slums which disgrace Johannesburg. In all their work there is close co-operation with the L.W.H. The women of this Branch are amongst the most enthusiastic and efficient I have ever met and I was deeply impressed by their spirit and quality.

On Sundays I preached in the churches of all denominations, including the Cathedral. Far and away the most impressive service in which I shared was that held by Toc H on Armistice Night in All Souls' Chapel, where the Southern African Lamp perpetually burns. The congregation filled the Chapel and overflowed into the main Cathedral. The Service had been carefully thought out and was one of the most beautiful and balanced that I have ever attended. It merged without any appreciable break into an All-Night Vigil and again the arrangements were perfect and the spirit throughout was all that could be desired. When, on the Sunday morning, we gathered for our Corporate Communion, we all came as men prepared—we "were in the Spirit on the Lord's Day." Eric Tucker, the brilliant young Editor of *The Compass*, the Toc H Journal for Southern Africa, was, I understand, largely responsible for drawing up this Service.

I have not space to describe the various units in detail; *Central*, the bearer of burdens, *Yeoville*, the school of leaders, *Belgravia*, recently almost deciding to relinquish its Lamp, now full of young members eager to be instructed in Toc H; *Benoni*, making a fresh start after discouragement and failure; *Boksburg*, with its youthful enthusiasm facing up to its problems of service; *Krugersdorp*, for long self-satisfied and self-contained, now reaching out to kindle the light in neighbouring towns and near-by mines and, last but not least, *Modder Bee*, infecting the students in the School of Mines and thus influencing every mining centre in Southern Africa.

Pretoria—and Beyond

Outside the Reef the oldest and most important Branch is *Pretoria*. Here we spent some enjoyable days in glorious surroundings. It was "Jacaranda time." Every street was an avenue of glorious blue, for South Africa's most beautiful tree was in full bloom. The capital of the Transvaal is a really beautiful city and one of its greatest beauties is the fine Union Government Building, Sir Herbert Baker's great masterpiece, which dominates the city from the hillside above. One of the joys of my stay was that I had opportunity of consultation and intercourse with the Hon. J. H. Hofmeyr, who is Vice-Chairman of Toc H Southern Africa. Though a Cabinet Minister holding two portfolios (Education and the Interior), he managed to give me time each day that I was in Pretoria in which we could discuss together Toc H and its future in Southern Africa. My family associations with Pretoria go back to the early days of the old Republic. Here there is a great Native Institution founded by my father, and so in a sense I was amongst my own people.

The Branch is strong and solid and its jobs are unusually good, but it has been inclined in the past to be self-centred. "Tim" Durandy, the Area Pilot, has recently come to live here and where he is nobody can be self-centred. Pretoria has taken him to its heart, as did Natal when he was stationed at Durban. Perhaps the best work "Tim" is doing is through his "Correspondence School of Pilotage." This is rendering untold service to the whole Southern African Family, for many units from other Areas are seeking to share in its benefits.

At *Witbank*, "Gaika" (the Rev. W. H. Kinsey), the Area Padre, lives. For some eighteen months he was Ronnie Grant's colleague and served as whole-time Padre for Southern Africa. Now he has returned to the ordinary ministry of his Church he is none the less keen for Toc H. He has established in Witbank the promising beginnings of what ought to become a strong and flourishing Group; the quality of the membership is really good. *Potchefstroom* Group until recently was almost entirely Dutch, but the British are now coming in freely. Padres Barrish (Dutch Reformed) and Rouse (C. of E.) are in partnership to guide this high-spirited team and are doing so with success. The founder of the Group and its present Pilot is "Pep" Marshall, who was at St. Paul's with Tubby. How he, an Englishman and a Roman Catholic, managed to establish a flourishing Group in this intensely Dutch town, is one of the miracles of Toc H. The true wonder of it can only be realised by those familiar with the history of South Africa and the part played in it by this town. Amongst the members I found one boy whose proud boast was that his grandfather fired the first shot in the first Boer War. Another told with pride that it was during the sale of his grandfather's property—distrainted to meet the taxes he refused to pay—that that first shot was fired. Yet another pointed out to me with pride the monument erected to his grandfather Pretorius, who for twenty-six years was President of the first Republic and after whom Pretoria was named. Yet these lads brought up in this tradition, nurtured in hatred of the British were, as one of their jobs, keeping in order the graves of British soldiers who died fighting against their fathers and with infinite patience deciphering and re-painting the almost obliterated names and inscriptions on the crosses in the old British Military Cemetery. Here also, not to be outdone by *Zeerust*, a Toc H Service was held in the Dutch Reformed Church, which for the first time heard an English voice from its pulpit. Padre Barrish took copious notes while I preached and then for the benefit of the older members of the congregation re-preached my sermon in Afrikaans and the congregation sat through it without a murmur!

At *Klerksdorp* some thirty miles away I found a young and eager Group, well mixed racially, learning leadership, and fortunate in having Padres Spencer-Watson (C. of E.) and Leverton (Methodist) in the background guiding and inspiring them. New ground was broken at *Vereeniging* and *Standerton*. In each place the outlook is most hopeful;

both Dutch and British are keenly interested and there are men of the right sort to take the leadership and guide them through the "groping" stage. A promising start has also been made at the Normal College in Johannesburg. *Ermilo* I was unable to visit, but a start is also being made there. Padre Ashley (Methodist), who did such splendid work for Toc H on the Reef is now stationed here. He is ably and enthusiastically seconded by Paul Nel, a young Dutch Reformed minister (son of the Moderator of the Transvaal), whom some of us met when he was doing a post-graduate course in Europe.

This screed began with a reference to the desolation of despair caused by the drought. Now we are in the midst of rains which break all records—a few days ago the Vaal River rose thirty feet in a few hours—the wilderness has become a garden, the scorched land is green; literally the desert has blossomed as the rose; the flowers on the veldt baffle description. It is a land of quick changes. Even so, Toc H Transvaal, having passed through a long period of struggle and discouragement, has now left behind the days of barrenness and faces the future with joyous confidence and unconquerable hope.

O. S. W.

"PUNCH" AND TOC H

AS we look backward we should not forget how deep the debt of Toc H is to *Punch*. I will not now attempt to tell the story in full. The outline is that it was *Punch's* review of *Tales of Talbot House* which gave the book its first access to the general public. The review was, I believe, written by A. P. Herbert, who was an early friend of Gilbert Talbot. In 1920, H. M. Bateman put his delicious art to work for us in the first Toc H Annual, *The Christmas Spirit*. F. H. Townsend was the third member of *Punch* staff to help Toc H when Mark III in York Road was just opening. His sudden death appeared in the same week, and Sir Owen Seaman then stepped in and wrote a note which brought in many gifts towards Mark III. Some of these donors have gone on assisting us.

From that date onwards, Sir Owen proved our unforgetting friend, and even allowed me to submit a series of attempted contributions, which always came back with a kindly word. Those who have studied England are aware that Movements have not really taken root until they have received the attention of Mr. Punch. The Boy Scouts found their feet after the first cartoon appeared, in which they were depicted storming Windsor Castle—and that was nearly twenty years ago.

Apart from familiar references in "Charivaria," Toc H has not, as yet, achieved this proud position. We very nearly did; but failed on the post owing to the incredible perspicacity of one industrious junior in *Punch* office. In 1932 a joke was sent to me from Manchester, in which an old lady travelling in a motor-bus became extremely nervous on a steep hill, where the 'bus broke down. She consulted a cheerful Toc H Conductor and asked him what they should do if the brakes also gave way and the 'bus began to run backwards. His reply was that she could do what she liked, but *his first duty was to reverse the direction boards*.

I put this up to Sir Owen, and on this occasion for the first time the joke was duly accepted for illustration. George Belcher descended from the trapeze which hangs in his studio and drew the picture. After the block was made, someone inside *Punch* office searched the files and found the joke appeared of a horse-bus fifty years back, and therefore he forbade its repetition. It was a heart-break to my hopes when George Belcher's illustration appeared with another joke under it, hastily concocted to replace the one which might have brought Toc H into the picture.

This torn-out page has now turned up in an old file, and I have asked—and received—permission of Mr. Punch to republish the illustration in the JOURNAL and to put on record its private history.

TUBBY.



(Reproduced from PUNCH of October 26, 1932, by courtesy of the Proprietors).

Nervous Lady (as bus is climbing a hill). "WHAT WOULD YOU DO IF THE BUS STUCK ON THE HILL AND STARTED TO RUN BACKWARDS AND THE BRAKES DIDN'T ACT?"

Conductor. "I SHOULD WHISTLE FOR THE NEAREST BANDIT TO COME AND HOLD HER UP."

For the original version see page 126.



Members from H.M.S. DAUNTLESS AT PORT STANLEY, FALKLAND ISLANDS, December, 1933. Seated, on left, R. D. Gale (Chairman); on right, A. L. Brown (Secretary).



Members from H.M.S. ENTERPRISE AT TRINCOMALEE, CEYLON, November 1933, with local Toch H Cubs. Standing, left to right—Taylor, Dolomore, White, Divers, Doodes, Usher, Brown; seated—Harris, Rev. and Mrs. Harrison and family, Dr. and Mrs. Schokman and family, Youngman; in front—the Cubs.

OBERAMMERGAU, 1634 - 1934

A PRELIMINARY NOTICE in the JOURNAL last October announced the intention to organise, as in 1922 and 1930, a Toc H Pilgrimage to Oberammergau to witness the Passion Play. A number of enquiries from members, both before and since that notice, have reached Headquarters, and it is now possible to give details as to date, route and cost of the proposed Pilgrimage. First, a few words—

About the Passion Play

This season's performances, which take place on various dates between May and September, are to celebrate the Tercentenary of the Play's inception. In the early 17th century, South Germany, like most of Europe, was in the throes of 'Wars of Religion,' ever the bitterest kind of conflict. The soldiery of Gustavus Adolphus, the Swedish champion of Protestantism, had laid waste this land, and in the wake of the army marched plague, pestilence and famine. In 1632 and 1633 plague had raged through most of the Bavarian villages until scarcely enough men were left to bury the dead. Oberammergau (*i.e.* 'Over-Ammert-District,' the place on the Upper Ammer river), in its secluded valley, alone had escaped, because, with rare foresight, it had set a cordon of watchers all round to prevent the entry of any outsider. And one night the cordon was broken—by Caspar Schuchler, native of Oberammergau, a workman who had been doing a job in the plague-stricken village of Eschenlohe and had grown homesick. Within three days of his return he died of plague; within a few weeks 84 of his fellow-villagers were dead also. In their extremity the village council met in their parish church and made a solemn vow to show forth the story of God's love in the Passion of Our Lord, every ten years for ever, if only they might themselves be delivered from their present danger. "From that time," says the chronicler, "no man more died of the pest." And so the Passion Play came into being as their perpetual thanksgiving.

The first performance was given in the following year, 1634. The text used was far older, descending from medieval times when, in our own country as in others, episodes from the Old and New Testaments and from the lives of saints were shown in dramatic form to audiences which could not read them for themselves. The Oberammergau Play was given in the village church and later in the churchyard. It contained, like most medieval 'moralities,' some strange allegorical figures, virtues, vices, demons and the rest, beside the persons of the Gospel story, and in course of time these figures formed a sort of 'comic relief' and were the mouthpieces for much unseemly 'gagging.' By 1810 the Play, like others of its kind, had grown into a scandal and the Church in that year almost refused it a license. It was therefore taken in hand by a monk of Ettal, the great monastery a few miles up the valley. He cut out the clowning of Lucifer and substituted the words of Scripture for the rough doggerel of a former age. At the same time, Rochus Dedler, the village organist and schoolmaster of Oberammergau, provided the musical accompaniment—rather undistinguished as it is—which is still used.

But the Play had not yet reached the noble form in which it is now given. In 1830 the use of the churchyard was forbidden to the players, and they built a rough wooden stage in the "Passion Meadow," where the modern theatre still stands. Between the performances of 1840 and 1850 a new hand—and we can but reckon it as the hand of genius—gave the Play its present form. For thirty-five years Alois Daisenberger was the parish priest of Oberammergau, a most loved father of the village which his leadership was to make famous throughout Christendom. He was an excellent scholar and translated *Antigone* out of the Greek; he was a born dramatist and adapted it for acting by his villagers, whom he trained; he was a man of sincere faith and real vision who could set

the theme of Holy Week, the grandest drama of all, upon a modern stage with compelling power. He wove words of Scripture with words of his own into a living whole which one writer has called "the Gospel according to St. Daisenberger." And in so doing he achieved no distortion of the story but rather fulfilment.

He introduced a sort of 'Greek chorus' who sing their comment on the tremendous episodes of the story, and he prefaced those episodes with Old Testament tableaux which, sometimes rather obscurely, provide a prophecy of the events of the Passion. These tableaux are most beautifully presented by the village actors.

Thus, in 1850, the Passion Play as it will be seen again this year was shown in its full power, and the outside world, for the first time, began to make pilgrimage to this humble village in the South German mountains. The ten-yearly sequence has been broken a very few times. In 1870 the *Christus* himself was summoned to the Franco-Prussian War and returned in 1871 to complete his tremendous rôle upon the stage; in 1920 a greater War had left the village so distressed that a two years' postponement was inevitable. In 1922, and again in 1930, a party of pilgrims from Toc H and L.W.H., about 100 strong each time, had the privilege of witnessing the Play, which they are never likely to forget. And now in 1934 the opportunity is given to us again to visit a community of village folk which seems to us who have met them the most Christian we have ever known. At a moment when the distracted world is full of fears and hatreds and rumours of strife the story of the Passion, the love of God reconciling man to God and man with man, points us to the only solution of our unrest.

The 1934 Pilgrimage

Arrangements are now in train as follows:—

1. THE PARTY, as previously, is open to members of Toc H and L.W.H.
2. DATES: The party will leave London on the afternoon of Wednesday, August 15. Those returning direct will reach London again on Tuesday, August 21.
3. ROUTE AND TIMETABLE (subject to alteration):

<i>Wednesday, August 15</i>	... dep. London (Victoria)	2.30 p.m.
	„ Dover (Marine)	4.30 p.m.
	arr. Ostend	7.50 p.m.
	dep. Ostend	10.30 p.m.
<i>Thursday, August 16:</i>	... arr. Cologne (Station)	6 a.m.
	dep. Cologne (Rhine steamer)	7.25 a.m.
	arr. Wiesbaden	8.18 p.m.
<i>Friday, August 17:</i>	... In Wiesbaden	Morning
	dep. Wiesbaden	1.35 p.m.
	arr. Munich	9.34 p.m.
<i>Saturday, August 18:</i>	... In Munich	Morning
	dep. for Oberammergau	Afternoon.
<i>Sunday, August 19:</i>	... Witness the Passion Play	8 a.m. to 6 p.m. (with two hours' interval).
<i>Monday, August 20:</i>	... dep. Oberammergau	Morning
	„ Munich, via Cologne	
	for Ostend	5.10 p.m.
<i>Tuesday, August 21:</i>	... arr. London (Victoria)	4.42 p.m.

NOTE.—This time-table avoids exhausting travel on the outward journey which spoils pleasure. It allows time for supper at Ostend before the night journey to Cologne, time for breakfast at Cologne before a whole day's voyage up the Rhine, which gives ample time for rest; a night in bed at Wiesbaden and at Munich, with a morning to enjoy each of these interesting towns; two nights at Oberammergau (which is all that is permitted, owing to other parties going out before ours and coming in after).

4. COST: £12.16.0 for each member, provided that the party numbers not less than 50 persons. This charge covers the following:

1. Third class travel (first class on the Rhine steamer).
2. Express train supplement (essential).
3. Reserved seats on trains where possible.
4. Meals *en route* and tips to waiters.
5. Hotel accommodation at Wiesbaden and Munich, with full board—plain breakfast, lunch, dinner and bed.
6. House accommodation, with meals, at Oberammergau.
7. Theatre ticket for the Passion Play.
8. Services of a courier (we hope our old friend, now a member of Toc H, who was with us in 1930).

5. SUPPLEMENTS: Elderly or less fit members of the party can, if they wish, make the journey more comfortable by paying extra:

e.g., Saloon on Channel steamer	7s. 6d.
Second-class railway travel	£2 12s. od.

6. PASSPORTS will be necessary. Those who do not possess them should obtain a Passport Application form from the Passport Office, 1, Queen Anne's Gate Buildings, London, S.W.1. The fee for a new passport is 15s. Those possessing passports should see that they are not out of date and are endorsed for Belgium and Germany.

7. LUGGAGE: Only hand luggage (suitcase, etc.) should be taken. The wisest are content with a rucksack.

8. EXTENSIONS: Those who can afford time and money and can arrange their holiday to fit, are strongly advised to spend what time they can after leaving Oberammergau in the glorious country which lies near it—the Bavarian Highlands, the Austrian or Italian Tyrol. Advice will be gladly given and arrangements made for any such extensions by Messrs. Thos. Cook, Berkeley Street, London, W.1, who are managing the Pilgrimage for us, as they did in 1930.

9. NAMES of intending pilgrims, and enquiries, may be sent—*the sooner the better*—to Barclay Baron, 47, Francis Street, London, S.W.1.

Finally

The aim of the Pilgrimage—beyond the great experience of the Passion Play itself—is the twofold one common to all true Toc H enterprise, that the party should get to know better (*a*) each other, and (*b*) their neighbours, in this case the people in whose land they travel. It was the experience of the two previous parties that this double aim can be wonderfully achieved.

In order that some young British members of Toc H may have a good opportunity of meeting young Germans (of whose ideas we are apt, through the press, to hear all the *cons* and little of the *pros*), we are trying to arrange means of a real 'get-together' in Germany before or after Oberammergau. A further announcement about this will, we hope, soon be possible in the JOURNAL.

B. B.

TOC H SYMBOLS AND COLOURS

SOME people like symbols, others don't. Actually most people—from witch-doctors to Archbishops, from street children to the Order of Freemasons, from cannibal chiefs to the King of England, from pre-historic man to you and me—create, use and enjoy symbols because they find an everyday value in them. Toc H felt itself enriched when it got symbols of its own—its colours and badges, Lamps and Rushlights, "Light" and "Initiation." And from the first we have tried to be intelligent about our symbols, to keep alive the ideas for which they stand. When the Lamp came into use in 1922, the 'Guard of the Lamp' was appointed at the same time to help members to look after all this side of Toc H life. Now and then the Guard intervenes to protect Toc H symbols from what threatens to be a 'debasement of the coinage' by commercial enterprise. Some years ago, for instance, they had to take steps to prevent a Toc H Lamp in the form of a mascot for motor-cars being put on the market. Now they support a protest of the Registrar, which follows, on the subject of—

Cuff Links

A certain London Company has taken unto itself the privilege of manufacturing what purports to be a 'Toc H Cuff Link,' and is causing a considerable amount of trouble and annoyance in various parts of the country by selling these links to retailers in districts where there are units of Toc H. This activity is taking place entirely without authority or approval from us and, unfortunately, there is no legal remedy which we can adopt effectively to stop these sales. We have made an appeal to the manufacturer and have failed to obtain his agreement to withdraw this cuff-link from the market; therefore, the only method left to us to stop the sale of this article is for every member loyally to recognise that: (a) a Toc cuff-link is not an officially recognised badge and therefore should not be worn; and (b) for members never to attempt to purchase official badges, ties, etc., from local retailers or other unofficial sources.

This particular trouble was caused in the first place by a member, desiring to be the possessor of a pair of Toc H cuff links, approaching a local jeweller who in turn passed the order to the manufacturer, and he has naturally seen an opportunity to make money and has turned it to his advantage.

Members are once again reminded that the possession of a Toc H Badge or anything similar in appearance is in itself not sufficient evidence of membership of Toc H.

W. J. M.

The Toc H Colours

A recent enquiry (not the first of its kind) addressed to the Editor, suggests that some members are mystified as to the 'meaning' of the Toc H colours. It is, for instance, suggested that the "yellow on white on black of the Toc H tie is intended to show the triumph of Light over the Flesh and the Devil." As the history of the Toc H colours has never, so far as we know, been plainly set down, it may be worth while to do so now. It is a very simple and natural story and will prove a disappointment to those who search for hidden meanings. In 1920 the infant movement started a London Toc H Sports Club and ran a successful first Soccer season. The Soccer team obviously had to play under some distinctive colours and chose black and amber—presumably because they were common, if striking, colours which could be easily obtained ready-made. These colours naturally spread at once to neckties and were adopted gradually by others than Soccer players. In the old cyclostyled *News Sheet* of January, 1922—and regularly onwards into the early numbers of the printed JOURNAL—"Club neckties" are advertised as obtainable, price 3s., from a member at Mark II and, later, from the Registrar.

In the November JOURNAL, 1926, a notice appeared, over the Registrar's initials, that "owing to the fact that our old colours are the same as those of many other organisations and that almost any outfitter in the country is able to sell them to all and sundry, the Central Executive has given authority for a new colour to be registered." Details of the new tie, with the name of the official Toc H outfitter, etc., are then given. The Central Executive, in point of fact, appointed a sub-committee (consisting of Harry Willink, Ronnie Grant and Barclay Baron) to devise new colours, or rather to add a third colour to the old ones. The special point about this was that it is possible to register three colours, but not two, as the official colours of an organisation. The sub-committee added a narrow white stripe on each side of the amber stripe—with no symbolical meaning except a half-jesting reference to "the silver lining to the dark cloud." These colours were approved by the Central Executive, duly registered, and advertised to the membership. The new and old colours were both to be seen at the Birthday Festival of 1926; the Prince of Wales wore one of the new ties and expressed some regret at the change until the reason was explained to him. The old tie, honourably frayed, is still occasionally to be seen embracing senior members round the neck. Anyone is, of course, at liberty to read symbolical meaning into the black, amber and silver. But these meanings have no historical origin in the intention of those who first adopted the colours.

B. B.

ART AND CRAFT FOR CLUBS

The Approach to Club Music. By R. L. Henriques. Oxford University Press, 1s.

An Introduction to Handicrafts in Clubs. N.A.B.C. 6d.

The first of these books is published under the joint auspices of the National Association of Boys' Clubs and the National Council of Girls' Clubs, the second by the N.A.B.C. itself. Those who have sat at the feet of Mrs. Henriques at one of her training courses in music for club leaders will rush to get the excellent little manual on music, for it is permeated with her enthusiasm and wit. Those outside London who have not had this privilege and who feel that music should play a larger part in their clubs, yet are diffident about the method of attack, should study this book with great care. Every musical activity is covered, from grand opera and oratorio to nigger minstrels. The song master in Toc H should buy this book as well and improve the standard and variety of our performances.

The excellent pamphlet on Handicrafts has been drawn up by a Sub-Committee of the N.A.B.C., three of whose eight members (Val Bell, Dick Martyn and Hubert Secretan) are well-known members of Toc H. The authors put the claim of handicrafts for members of boys' clubs on a very wide basis: they are "to serve any or all of the following six purposes (a) To develop the creative instinct; (b) To train hand, brain and eye; (c) To provide the boy with a life-long hobby; (d) To make the boy a handyman in his own home; (e) To counteract by the handling of raw materials the artificiality of his environment; and (f) To encourage the appreciation of truth and beauty."

"TO SPREAD THE GOSPEL WITHOUT READING IT"?

Helpful notes for daily readings are published by the Bible Reading Fellowship, 117, Victoria Street, S.W.1. How the demand for these notes is increasing rapidly is shown by the number of copies printed in Novembers of succeeding years:—1926, 600; 1928, 9,000; 1930, 47,000; 1932, 90,000; and 1933, 105,000. This would seem to indicate a revival of regular daily reading of the Scriptures. We feel that that habit is being re-formed not as one of routine, but rather to ensure time each day for reading the book which leads us to "lift up our eyes." We in Toc H are out to spread the Gospel without preaching it—but surely not without reading it and reading it often.

THE ELDER BRETHREN

W. A. Stroud: High Wycombe Group

The Group has lost a splendid worker in WILLIAM ALFRED STROUD who was accidentally drowned in the Thames at Windsor last summer. He was always ready to assist in any job and his loss is greatly felt.

George S. Burghall: Loughborough Branch

Loughborough Branch report with great regret the death of GEORGE SYDNEY BURGHALL. He was a native of Chester and a member of this Branch until illness forced him to resign office. He was a fine example of what a Toc H man should be.

J. M. W. Sheppard: General Member

The death on Christmas Day, at the early age of forty years, of MAURICE SHEPPARD, the eldest son of "Old Shepp" who died last year, leaves a sad gap in the ranks of the first post-war members of Toc H. From 1930 he had held the position of Inspector of Produce in the Agricultural Department of the Colonial Office at Zanzibar. In his work and in the social life of that port he won a position of respect and leadership. As a lone member of Toc H it was his joy to meet and speed on their way all our men travelling via Zanzibar.

Percy Shepheard: Abernant Group

PERCY SHEPHEARD, the Secretary of the Abernant Group, was laid to rest on Boxing Day, 1933. Written words cannot convey the sense of loss to the Group of such a friend and advisor whose energy and zest for Toc H knew no bounds.

Fred Blacow: Selby Group

One of the earliest members of the Selby Group, FRED BLACOW lost his life in January this year as the result of a motor accident. His life and work will be remembered by the Group, who sincerely mourn his passing.

Alexander Jackson: Dulwich Branch

ALEX JACKSON joined the Elder Brethren on January 27, 1934. A foundation member and first treasurer of the Branch, he was the donor of the Jim Kelson Lamp when Dulwich gained Branch status in 1929. Being chairman of the Mazawattee Tea Co., he was closely connected with the activities of Toc H and All Hallows in and around Tower Hill, while the parish of St. Peter's, Dulwich Common will long remember him.

Constantine Graham: General Branch

Toc H overseas lost a keen member at the passing on January 28, of CONSTANTINE GRAHAM, after a long illness in Berlin where he was British Consul General. While Consul General for several years at Valparaiso, Chile, he became one of the foundation members of the Cradock Branch. He regularly attended all its meetings and was ever ready to help with the work of the Movement on the West Coast of South America.

George Ernest Newsom: Hon. Association Padre

When the Master of Selwyn College, Cambridge, died, at the age of 62, many young men lost a true friend, who, as a notable player of cricket and football at school and at Oxford, never forgot his own youth or lost touch with theirs. After parish work at Cannock he came to King's College, London, where as Vice-Principal and as Warden of the College Hostel which he founded he loved and led a host of students. In 1914 his enthusiasm founded the *Challenge* newspaper. From 1916 to 1928, as Vicar of Newcastle, he was closely in touch with Toc H in that city and helped it constantly. And then he went to Cambridge to serve youth again as Master of a College. A fine scholar, a rich and charming personality, he leaves hundreds of men grateful for his teaching.

MULTUM IN PARVO

¶ Councillors are reminded that the CENTRAL COUNCIL meets at 42, Trinity Square, on the afternoon of Saturday April 21. As fourteen days clear notice has to be given of any business other than the Annual Report and Accounts, the filling of vacancies of principal officers and the appointing of the Central Executive, Councillors who wish to raise other matters are asked to give notice by April 3, at the latest. It will be convenient if they give longer notice.

¶ Until a successor to Harry Ellison, as Chief Overseas Commissioner, can be appointed, PAT LEONARD is temporarily in charge of the Overseas Office. PAUL SLESSOR has moved to 47, Francis Street, and has become Assistant Schools Secretary and Overseas Correspondent. HUBERT SECRETAN is now Honorary Deputy Administrator, and G. K. TATTERSALL has become Schools Secretary. JACK HARRISON from Bingley has joined the staff as Assistant Accountant.

¶ Arrangements are being made for Padre ALBERT HOLMES, who is going to British Columbia on holiday this year, to visit on behalf of Headquarters the main centres of Toc H in Western Canada.

¶ RAYMOND JOURDAIN, who has been Hon. Commissioner for what is now the South Western Area since February, 1930, has resigned this office. His many friends, and not only those who owe so much to his devoted work, will hope that he will soon be restored to health. He continues to be a member of the Area Executive, of which he is Chairman. He has been appointed a Vice President of the Toc H Association, and the Central Council are to be asked to appoint him to the vacant ex-officio seat on that body. JOE FOX has now become Hon. Area Secretary for the South Western Area.

¶ HERBERT LEGGATE spent his first month in N.Z. at Christchurch, Auckland, Dunedin as well as Wellington and had spent nearly a week with the Dominion Conference at Resolution Bay. It is clear that Herbert is very much at home with Toc H, N.Z.

¶ OWEN WATKINS left Cape Town on February 28 on s.s. *Springfontein* and is returning home by the East Coast. On March 30 he is due to land at Mombasa and to visit the units at Nairobi and Kampala (his address will be Toc H, Box 338, Nairobi, Kenya Colony). On April 15 he continues his journey on the Italian liner *Timavo* via Aden and Suez; from Port Said he will probably travel on P. & O. *Narkunda*, reaching London on May 18.

¶ Toc H felicitates Lord and Lady SAYE AND SELE upon their Golden Wedding, observed with joy on February 20. Colonel Lord Saye and Sele (see *Tales of Talbot House*, chapter IX) is a devoted Foundation Member of Toc H, and, as Commandant at St. Jan ter Biezen outside Poperinghe, used to come in to his Communion in the Upper Room.

¶ As announced last month, LITTLE HATCHETT, Tubby's old home, is now closed as a Toc H Guest House. Mrs. FARLEY, who was in charge there, wishes to thank many friends who marked her retirement with such tokens of affection and appreciation.

¶ Toc H TOURNAMENTS: The *Five-a-Side Soccer* Tournament will be held at New Barnet on Saturday, April 7. Entries (closing date, March 16) to L. R. Hawkins, 47, Francis Street, S.W.1. The *Seven-a-Side Rugger* Tournament to be played at New Barnet on Saturday, April 14. Enquiries and entries (not later than March 19) to Geoffrey Batchelor, 42, Trinity Square, E.C.3.

¶ POPERINGHE PILGRIMAGES: Additions to the note in February JOURNAL, p. 87-89:—
(a) For those who prefer a good night's rest on the outward journey, the 7.15 p.m. train from Charing Cross to Folkestone Harbour is available, and dinner can be had on the train, if the Pilgrimage Secretary is advised a week beforehand; (b) The address of the Pilgrimage Secretary is now 47, Francis Street, London, S.W.1; (c) Page 89, paragraph 2 should read: 'Inclusive cost Harwich to Harwich, £2 18s. od.'

Miscellaneous Advertisements

VISITING YPRES? SHANNON HOTEL, opp. Menin Gate, Brit. Owner-Manager. Capt. Leo Knox, late A.S.C. English food, quiet. From 5/- per day. 10% dis. Toc H.

PEACEFUL HOLIDAYS amidst beautiful scenery at Mrs. Bowling's "Rosemount," Cowbemartin, N. Devon. From 2 gns., good food, 10 minutes sea, own grounds with sea view overlooking valley.

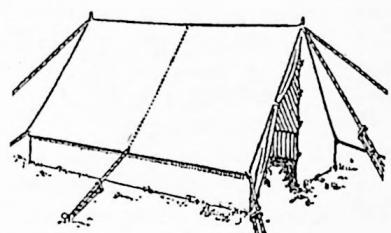
TOC H PRINTED STATIONERY FOR GROUP OR BRANCH USE. 100 sheets in two colours, 5/-; one colour, 4/-; also POSTER BLANKS in two colours, 15" x 10", 25 for 3/6; 20" x 30", 25 for 5/6; post free.—THE "STAR" PRESS, 583E, Commercial Road, London, E.1. 'Phone : East 3367-8.

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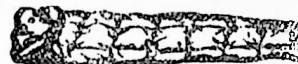
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Size 6 ft. long
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6 in. walls.

Made from strong white material. Brass-jointed poles in 3 sections. Complete with all

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PURE DUCK DOWN.

Limited number, covered with good sateen down proof material. Made with pillow attachment. Size when packed 14 in. by 6 in. Usual price 27/6

As above, but filled Kopak Down. Postage 6d. 16/9

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The Best Story is a True Story

Let a war-blinded man himself tell you the story of St. Dunstan's and the 2,000 St. Dunstaners who are among the happiest of our citizens. *He knows what they are—he knows what they might have been.*

No charge is made, and, if desired, a display can be given of a wide range of the workmanship of these war-blinded craftsmen.

Each lecture is designed solely as a description of the work of St. Dunstan's and no appeal is made for funds. For vacant dates and further details, application should be made to the

Appeals Organiser: ST. DUNSTAN'S HEADQUARTERS,
Inner Circle, Regent's Park, London, N.W.1.

'Phone : Welbeck 7921.

HOLIDAYS FOR THE BLIND

HOLIDAYS for the Blind. Does it sound a strange suggestion? In a way it is a paradox for there is no holiday for a blind man or woman—they can have no "day off" from their burden, which is nevertheless borne so gallantly as a rule. If you wish to prove this for yourself, visit one of the many Social Clubs for the blind which are carrying on a much needed work all over the country: there is no more cheerful place in which to spend a Saturday afternoon. Those of us who have our sight often find it hard to realise the extent to which blindness drives people into themselves. How tired most of us would get of ourselves if we were not constantly distracted by the different things we see, and by our ability to change our surroundings and atmosphere, even though it is only by taking a walk!

It is true that some blind people are able to go about alone but there are many who lack the courage to venture out without a guide, and relatives and friends are often too busy to spare time just for a walk, though someone can generally be prevailed upon to take the lucky member to his or her Social Club tea-party once a fortnight. Bearing this in mind, one can readily understand how eagerly any outside distraction is welcomed by the blind, and that a whole week's holiday at the seaside or in the country is indeed a joyous adventure which is eagerly seized upon. Convalescent homes are known to many and greatly appreciated, but to have a holiday when they were not ill was an unimagined treat to most of those members who were fortunate enough to be sent away under the Holiday Scheme which the Servers of the Blind League has been running in co-operation with Toc H.

What Toc H units do under the Scheme is to offer hospitality, either in their own homes or elsewhere for one or more couples (a blind person and a sighted guide) for a week. The League, which is in touch with the blind through its Social Clubs, arranges to send a suitable couple and pays the fare to the holiday destination by coach or train if the blind person is unable to meet this cost. Experience has shown that the blind are very easy to entertain; they require but little looking after and appreciate personal service more than costly entertainments. "The Vicar invited us to have tea in his garden; it was a posh affair," they tell us on their return from a "lovely time." "Mrs. B., she was more like a sister to us," and "My hubby went to a Toff H Meeting"; while anyone who had the privilege of hearing the thrilling adventures of a blind man and his sighted wife, taken out for the day by a friend of their host, and returning rather late in a racing Baby Austin, rounding corners on two wheels and holding hats on with both hands, would surely want to have a share in providing such a lasting source of pleasure. For the holiday is not only enjoyed at the time but is also an absorbing topic of conversation for months afterwards. This kind of holiday is so much more than just a week at the seaside or in the country; the personal touch, so difficult to maintain in large institutions, is in evidence and the friendship shown to our blind people on these visits has been a revelation to them.

Each member of a Unit can help either by offering a spare bedroom, giving a run out in his car, giving some flowers to take home, paying a friendly call or taking the visitors out for walks and occasional teas, and by making a point of going up to them without introduction and making them feel people are interested in them. Last year, thanks to the generous hospitality of thirteen Units we were able to arrange for 44 blind people to have a week's holiday. We hope to be able to double the number this year as we have over 800 members in our Clubs in the London area.

Anyone who is interested in the Scheme can obtain further information from J. C. Cox, Langford, Grange Gardens, Pinner, Middlesex, who is the Toc H member responsible for the preliminary arrangements and by whom offers would be welcomed as soon as possible.

THE FAMILY OVERSEAS

From the Lone Units

Accra

"Accra Group goes on quietly but firmly; our two padres are with us again, for which we are very thankful. During the last six months we have had quite a number of jobs; hospital work keeps up well, I never have difficulty in getting visitors each day, and several of our chaps have taken it on as a permanent job one day a week. Just recently there has been an influx of sailors; they seem to have a habit of falling off funnels. They are really grateful and pleased to have visitors. Up to now we have not been able to do very much with the lepers, but beginning in January I shall play a harmonium to them every Sunday morning. There is to be a large Guest Night on the last day of the old year, and after supper we hope to produce an entertainment in the form of a series of mock cases from a Police Court, all of which we shall write ourselves."

Mauritius

From a letter from Major Stuart Akers, Hon. Overseas Commissioner for Tanganyika, now on tour.

"I have been taken round to the houses of the Toc H members who have given me a real welcome. In fact, the hospitality and kindness showered upon me is almost embarrassing. Yesterday I lunched at Government House, as the Governor wanted to hear about the Toc H movement. He was very interested and has promised to help us as much as possible. This morning I was taken to look over the Reformatory, for the 'after care' of these poor lads is a work which Toc H intends to take up. I met the Group officially on September 27, when there were about seventy-five men present including twenty-one soldiers. The chairman was at school with Gilbert Talbot. Toc H in Mauritius is running on right lines well sponsored by the Bishop who is indefatigable in his efforts for the movement. The members are all very serious over the work given them to do. Yes, Toc H is tackling its job, and in such a brave manner. Like all other Groups and Branches in the Colonies there are difficulties of colour, but this question is being dealt with very tactfully. Toc H in Mauritius will be a real landmark. I impressed on all the members that they were a very important part of our great family. They felt rather out of things, and I hope that my visit will have encouraged them."

Then here is a paragraph from a report of this big meeting from the local French paper:
"This is a most interesting meeting and one which sent us away with a very pleasant impression. It is impossible that after the eloquent talk from Major Akers the local Group of Toc H will not be immediately increased by new members who wish to help this brotherly work for peace, for understanding between man and man, a work fundamentally Christian, moral and philanthropic, and a work whose fine influence is making itself felt every moment throughout the United Kingdom, the Colonies and many other parts of the world."

Hong Kong

From a letter from a member in the China Fleet.

"I hope that by the time we arrive back in October there will be a Rushlight at Hong Kong. I have several probationers waiting to be initiated, all fine chaps. It's really difficult once you are away from Hong Kong during the summer months, to get the lads together, because the ships are continually on the move chasing pirates and exercising. I felt very grateful for Toc H Overseas on my way out here as I was met wherever a Branch

or Group existed, so one can readily understand the value it must be to young lads coming abroad to earn a living for the first time. As we arrived at Hong Kong it was placed on the Toc H map. It is a difficult place to try out Toc H, but we are all certain that it is going to be a success. When I left they were starting to tackle some good jobs, everyone seemed keen to get going. They must be lonely now the Fleet has left them for the summer. We all enjoyed Bobs Ford's and Harry Chappell's visit to us, and there is no doubt that their visit was the means of getting Toc H Hong Kong going, as they got into touch in a few days with men that would have taken us ages to bring in. Every overseas unit has the same difficulties as Hong Kong is enjoying. A good member just seems to get settled down when he is transferred.

"At present in the Fleet there are four members and nine probationers and five more nibbling. Hong Kong had better look out or they will be swamped by the lads in blue when we return. Wei Hai Wei, where we are at present, is only a small island and there does not appear to be any jobs. However, I'm going to investigate a likely one; that is, a cemetery here where only Scotsmen are buried. I am told that it is a delightful spot. It has not been looked after for years, and is full of weeds. It is my idea this will be a good job to which every one can add a bit as the various ships come here. It will help to keep them out of mischief and be a good alternative to the only two sports of the island, drinking beer and playing tennis. Our only amenities on this island are the Naval Canteen, one hotel for Officers and the sports ground. Four months' stay will be our portion, so we shall not live a very hectic life at Wei Hai Wei."

From India

HERE is a first-hand report of the life of the *Peshawar* Group in the hot weather: "It is about ten o'clock at night on the hottest night of the year. The thermometer stands at 105 degrees and the wet bulb is also high. One is in a Turkish bath without the amenities; whatever you touch, catch hold of or sit down on is hot. It is far too hot to use our Toc H room so we are in the dusty courtyard outside, the bricks around us giving back all the heat they have collected by day. We are brightly lit by three strong naked electric bulbs each encircled by an aura of insects of strange, fierce and assorted types. Very dim and distant in the bright starlight one can just make out the great mass of mountains which flank the grim Kyber, with Tartara towering above, beautiful, triple-peaked, aloof.

"There are about twenty of our members present, which is good, as many of them are on duty in the hills, busily carrying on Toc H wherever there is such a Group in those cool regions. We are dressed in the minimum of clothing. We have had Light, heard about jobs and are now listening to a lecture, and it is a very good lecture. The narrator is the Acting Commanding Officer of the 1/7 Rajputs and his subject is Iraq, in which land he spent four very hectic years as a District Officer. He gives us a wonderful talk, and with a few words we can picture the brightly-coloured bazaars of Baghdad alive with Arabs, Jews and Christians. Then he passes on to the incredibly wild and savage tribes of the marshes and the hills. We have our own wild Afridis, but they seem very poor and mild compared with these strange Arabs. One almost feels inclined to stick up for our locals, and to say that they do their best to be naughty and criminal. Finally, he has us all in a row and demonstrates an Arab war-cry. The cry he gives us is 'Oysters to-night!' but he works it up with such a fine frenzy that at the end we all shout 'Oysters to-night!' as if our souls depended on it. The lecture ends and leaves us a truly vivid and unforgettable picture of Iraq.

"But what of jobs. Jobs are, of course, more of a problem in a well-found and well-cared-for military community than they would be in a civilian group. But nevertheless we find them and do them, too; visiting the sick in hospitals, collecting newspapers and magazines and distributing them, helping in the Churches, looking after our own room and a thousand and one small jobs. The little Indian Christian children do not get much fun out of life in the hot weather, so we organised a great picnic for them. We had about half a dozen of our most cheerful Toc H people to run it and we secured lorries and cars—Toc H knows how—and buns and lemonade. There was a gorgeous picnic. We took them out miles from the heat of Peshawar to where a great brown stream ran shallow and noisy under green overhanging trees. There was sand for them to play in; so they all came—boys and girls from four to fourteen. At first they were oh! so incredibly polite, not going near water or sand. Gradually they melted and it was a very happy, very wet—it must have taken hours to dry them—very dirty band which eventually reached home having paddled and romped to their hearts content."

FROM THE HOME AREAS

From South Wales

A mouse let loose in a cheese factory must, I suppose, have some feeling on such a liberation. I can only surmise that there would be feelings of woeful inadequacy to advantage itself of the opportunity presented. "Them's my sentiments" concerning this glorious Area of a million and more souls, mostly hidden between mountains that all too often set a bound upon their travelling from one valley to the next, and who, in the main, are possessed of a cheery courageousness in the face of dire adversity calculated to shame some of us whose lives are placed in more pleasing circumstance and condition. Who but a genius with grit could write outside an idle coal-mine "This Pit for Sale, or would exchange for a broody hen"?

Taking coal to Newcastle is, I am told, synonymous with futility. Coal and Castles are inseparable in South Wales; they represent two periods of history, and two partial yet great changes in the life and social structure of the community. Scarcely a ton of coal reaches the sea-board but what passes within hail of some castle lying in noble ruins—eloquent evidence of days that are dead and gone. The Castle Towns are older than the Coal Towns and in point of time Toc H assailed the Castles ere it "sallied forth" (shades of Boanerges and Tubby) to the Coal Valleys. 'Twas ever so in history—"first the Marches, then the Mountains." So Toc H followed the track of the Castle Builders of Wales: *Caerphilly* and *Cardiff*, "twin sentinels on the westward way"; *Newport*, the castles in the Vale of Glamorgan, *Port Talbot*, *Bridgend*, *Neath*, *Swansea*, *Oystermouth* (*Sketty* hard by) right over to *Pembroke*, not forgetting *Haverfordwest* (a castle, so I'm told, never once taken). So Westward, Toc H, armed only with love and garrisoned by God, has travelled, until Haverfordwest is reached, and by a few brave souls (not least or last Hugh Higgon) it is won, and they get their Rushlight in February.

In the period under review the Districts (with one exception, and that a pause in growth) have consolidated themselves and developed a higher standard of the thing that really matters, and save for two set-backs, the units reveal growth and a richer revealing of the glory that is God's. We are not satisfied with a surprising attainment, namely, that we managed to find 75.4 per cent. of our personal sacrificial effort to the Toc H funds. Therefore, in 1934 we are resolved that better can, must, and will be done. Especially so,

since to help Toc H Overseas, Greenco has said yet another good-bye, and there's a sort of personal interest now in such a matter. Mountains may enfold us but difficulties do not enthrall us, they are there just for the sake of proving them to be spooks and shadows. Accordingly, the difficulties of week-ends for training have been overcome by successfully arranging Saturday afternoon Training Schools (S.A.T.S.). Quite a number of these have been held with more to follow. In this connection, Unit Libraries are developing and a venture to form an Area Book Loan System is being essayed. We believe in this gaining of sound knowledge, holding that "All knowledge must begin with the elemental" (the knowledge of God being no exception to the rule). "He who has mastered not the details will never achieve the masterpiece." So on Saturdays some are always at school, knowing the time is not lost in which we learn more of our Master and His Ways for men. After careful deliberation a Conference of Leaders of L.W.H. and Toc H in the Area is called, in which the nature and relationship of the twain will be reviewed and discussed.

Nor the least of happenings in this period was the Welsh Area Festival held at Cardiff on January 13 and 14, 1934. The beautiful Church of St. John the Baptist was well filled for the Rededication. The Service was led by Sawbones and Canon J. A. Lewis, Vicar of Cardiff (to whom many thanks for numerous kindnesses) with J. B. Price Hughes and the Area Secretary participating. The Sermon being preached by the Padre of the Swansea District, a memorable event was closed by the Bishop of Llandaff pronouncing the Blessing. Grub came next, and we were able to sit all in one room making it a united and cheerful meal. Then a short walk to St. John's Hall to the Guest-night (pity the Hall was not a bit bigger). Acting the fool as instructed, and singing, kept us busy while the stragglers came in. Light was taken by the Bishop, Greeno being the bearer of the Silver Lamp of Wales. Alan Colthurst, the Lord Bishop, and Col. G. D. Turner spoke to us, building between them a splendid structure of thought, which can be summarized in the wonderful distinction between neighbourliness and brotherhood given at the end of Colonel Turner's talk. Sunday followed the traditional Festival lines. Sermons in Anglican and Free Churches, lunch together, then an afternoon of Toc H chumminess and chat. Alan Colthurst took charge of us and between singing we had tiny talks from a number of folk, including Sawbones, Bardie Olphert, Dunnett, Mary Jewell (L.W.H.), Greeno, and Alan, to mention none of the stalwarts from within the Area. No one maybe was helped in precisely the same way. The writer saw one thing almost to the exclusion of all others; 'twas in the Procession of Banners, Lamps and Rushlights—the shining face of a coloured banner bearer (by no means the only coloured man present). Surely Toc H is something beyond border, breed, or birth; truly we are one, a thing maybe destined to unify colours, classes, even Churches.

We cannot go up "the high hills or the valleys beneath" this time. After the Castles comes the Coal, so to speak. Meanwhile be of good cheer—the JOURNAL is not closing down! Toc H in the hills through the labours of its men will continue to release "the imprisoned splendour" in more ways than one.

"Kneel always when you light a fire
Kneel reverently and thankful be
For God's unfailing charity,
And on the ascending flame inspire
A little prayer, that shall upbear
The incense of your thankfulness,
For the sweet grace
Of warmth and light!
For here again is sacrifice,
For your delight." J. B.

From the West Midlands Area

SINCE news of the West Midlands Area last appeared in the JOURNAL, there has been a change in the Staff. Steve Lambert has asked for, and has been granted, six months' leave of absence, and the best wishes of the whole Area are his. He has seen, and been responsible to a large extent, for the growth of the Area from three Districts and thirty-three units—at which stage it stood two and a half years ago—to eleven Districts and sixty units at the present time. Colin Stevenson came into his place in December, 1933, and the Area welcomes him. The *North Birmingham* and *North Warwickshire* Districts have lost two hard workers. Gil Harrison has been appointed to the full-time staff of the East Midlands Area; Jumbo Collier, now re-named Vic by his new Area, has taken Ronnie Wraith's place in the Eastern Area. We are proud to have supplied two to the Staff, sorry to have lost them from this Area, and wish them "good luck in the Name of the Lord."

At the beginning of December, the members of the Area Executive spent a week-end together. Policy and the purpose of the Area Executive formed the main part of the discussion, but some part of the week-end was deliberately set aside for frivolity. Rex Calkin narrowly escaped capital punishment in the course of the "Murder Game," and we all knew something more about each other when the week-end was over. This increased knowledge of each other will help us at the next meeting of the Executive when Housing and the Future General Policy will be considered.

Five new Districts have been formed in the last few months around *West Bromwich*, *Willenhall*, *South-East Birmingham*, *South-West Birmingham*, and *Banbury*. These divisions became necessary because of growth and unwieldy committees. Most District Committees are beginning to find themselves and their proper purpose as leaders of the membership, and more time is being taken up in committee for training. The membership generally realises the responsibility of the District Committees and is giving more response to their leadership.

Training week-ends have been held throughout the Area during the summer and have been valuable to those who attended. Some people are kept away by expense, and, in future, training will not use up a whole week-end, but only a Saturday afternoon and evening. It is felt that it is better to have all who should come for a shorter time than to be depressed by a 50 per cent. attendance during a week-end, and, also, as Toc H can become expensive, to bring these times of training within the means of all.

Three new Lamps were lit by the Prince of Wales on December 9, 1933, in the Albert Hall, those of *Bearwood*, *Leamington Spa* and *Yenton*, and all these realise that they are now working units of Toc H and can thus begin to do their real work. A tendency to wait a long time to prove their worthiness of Branch Status still persists in some Groups, but District Officers are helping Groups and their executives to see that application can and should be made sooner.

The Christmas Toy Job was again run by all units of Birmingham under the leadership of Jim Keeling and the North and South Birmingham District Officers, and some of the outlying districts sent in toys. In all, about 20,000 toys and a quantity of clothing were distributed to 900 families, representing approximately 4,000 children, to twelve Midland Hospitals and Institutions and at various children's parties in poorer parts of the city. The Radio Circle of the Midland Regional Station of the B.B.C. made a daily appeal for toys and many organisations supplied names of needy cases. The toys were also collected, repaired, repainted, remade, rejoined and re-addressed by thirty-four Toc H and L.W.H. Units. This is an excellent piece of work, requiring hard work not in the public eye and all workers are to be congratulated. Work in Occupational Centres is not

easily done by Toc H because most help is required during the day: but there are many individuals helping in various centres. The West Midland Toc H Players have been giving a "show" each week at one of the centres, and efforts are being made to help others in the same way. Individual Groups and Branches have also provided entertainments at local centres.

The Units of *South Birmingham* District have been corresponding with units in South Africa and now many other districts in the Area are beginning to widen their interests and help Overseas Units by this correspondence.

The growth of Toc H in the villages of South Warwickshire was noted in the last Area despatch. Toc H can grow and prosper in villages, and in South Warwickshire it is seen in its most representative and joyous form. Not only is the whole village influenced by Toc H, but a countryside is being given a corporate sense, as members pushbike twelve or fifteen miles to spread and maintain the light of Toc H.

The work of the Schools Section is becoming more widely known and appreciated in the Area, because of several keen schools representatives. A successful and useful Tour was held in Birmingham on January 8 and 9, 1934, when Austins' Motor Works, Cadburys' Works, a Council School, a Juvenile Instruction Centre, Occupational Centres and a Boys' Club were visited. The visit to the Boys' Club took up all one evening and was, perhaps, the most successful of all the events of the tour. The members of the Tour were treated as a visiting team from another boys' club and matches of handball, billiards and ping-pong were arranged. The two days concluded with a Schools Guest Night at a local unit.

From the South Western Area

WHATEVER other gifts the men of the South West may possess that of the gab is not one of them. In other words, news from the units is scarce. True, the Secretary of an old and famous branch in *West Somerset* writes—in answer to a request for "copy"—that he has gazed dumbly at his typewriter. But who can make headlines out of that? As a matter of fact, in the case of that particular Branch it is just modesty which keeps them silent. However, by dashing about the Area, as it were, one can cull a word or two here and there about the vast deal of fellowship, service, and high hearted happiness which underlies it all. For instance, to go to the far and rugged West, we find that *Penzance* held such an enormously successful Jumble Sale before Christmas that they were able to give out nearly £50 worth of food, etc. tickets to poor folk, including children, for the cheering of their Christmas season.

The nearest neighbouring branch, *Falmouth*, advise, with a little diffidence, that they also held a Jumble Sale for the same purpose and raised £6. The West Cornwall Jumble Cup therefore goes to Penzance this year. In addition to the aforementioned Jumble Sale, Falmouth point with more satisfaction to a newspaper cutting which reads:—"To Toc H primarily the town owes a debt of gratitude for the backing they gave to the Slum Clearance Committee in thus bringing public opinion to bear on the Council to carry out this great work of social service." *Truro* report with thankfulness that they have recruited several new members who started as lads in their Boys' Club. Also they have, on many occasions, acted as hosts to the officers and apprentices from the fleet of ships still laid up in their river. No mention of Truro would be complete without the introduction of the subject of Eggs. Of these they have collected for the Infirmary up to the glorious tune of 13,000—not counting the 2 turned down on account of age.

Redruth keeps on keeping on—small but determined, and there are very distinct signs of new units springing up in Newquay, Perranporth and Hayle. In connection with which the newly formed District Team has been busy. So much for the Rugged West.

Saltash have taken over the Boys' Club and are running it two nights a week with every prospect of success. They look forward to their summer work of keeping the local hospital garden in order (which includes weeding round the raspberry canes!). *Plymouth*, much heartened by Tubby's recent visit, are having an active and happy time. A new job has been started by the Rover Crew attached to the Branch, in the form of Scouting at the Orthopaedic Hospital.

Torrington Group, in the North Devon District, have now got well into their stride. They report well attended weekly meetings and a spirit of Fellowship which is all that can be desired. The principal corporate job, for which four or five members are told off weekly, is visiting the Casual Ward. Members of the new *Kingsbridge* Group will long remember with gratitude their period of groping, during which they have become thoroughly united in purpose and effort. They hope soon to have their own headquarters, and look forward to the future in quiet confidence. *Teignmouth* have been doing some excellent work in connection with the Welfare and Unemployment centres, and sold the "Help Yourself Annual" to such good effect that they were able to hand over £45 to the local hospital. Feeling, no doubt, that the spirit of Toc H might well be introduced into municipal affairs they have welcomed the appearance of Town Councillors amongst their Probationers. That they have certainly got hold of the right idea for beginners is shown in the following extract from their correspondent's letter:— "Jobs of real use, though small, are being quietly done; we are not out to make a splash."

They keep contact with *Newton Abbot* and *Dawlish*. And have got feelers out in two smaller places. *Newton Abbot*, which by the way, have the starting of *Teignmouth* to their credit, will be celebrating their fifth Birthday early in March. At *Exmouth* things seem to be moving along in a steady manner, and, greatly aided by the L.W.H., their Soup Kitchen is again going hot and strong. It is evident that they have been in good voice, for their Grand Evening Concert enabled the laying of a solid foundation to their Benevolent Fund; whilst, during Christmas week, grateful householders handed out to their Carollers a total sum of £7 15s. od. for the "Not Forgotten" Association and the local Police Fund for tramps.

"The general tone of the Branch continues to be good and I honestly think we are making steady progress in the things which matter in Toc H"—writes the *Wellington* correspondent. The gradual increase in their numbers has made another move of headquarters necessary. "And this time," he states, "we have gotten ourselves a home of which we are really proud." And so did Robinson Crusoe. The most interesting new job has been the placing of a last, hammer, brads, and a supply of leather in the Casual Ward for the use of the Wayfarers. A piece of practical help which the members have learnt on their regular Sunday visits, has been much appreciated. "The Link between the Units of the West Somerset District of Toc H" (to give this breezy little publication its full title) is now being brought out quarterly. From it may be gathered details of a very useful corporate job that has been taken in hand by the *North Petherton* Group, viz.: running a Men's Club in the village. They have a membership of forty-seven, comprised mostly of young fellows between the ages of 16 and 20. All goes smoothly and it is much appreciated. Weekly subs: Members in work, 4d. Unemployed, 2d. This seems to be a very telling answer to those who say there is no scope for Toc H in the villages of the South West, for few sights are more deplorable in this part of the country than that of groups of young men standing about by evening in hundreds of villages looking at each other and—as they put it in Lancashire—saying "nowt."

To the many units not mentioned in this report, particularly those in South Somerset and West Dorset, greetings.

S. F. H.